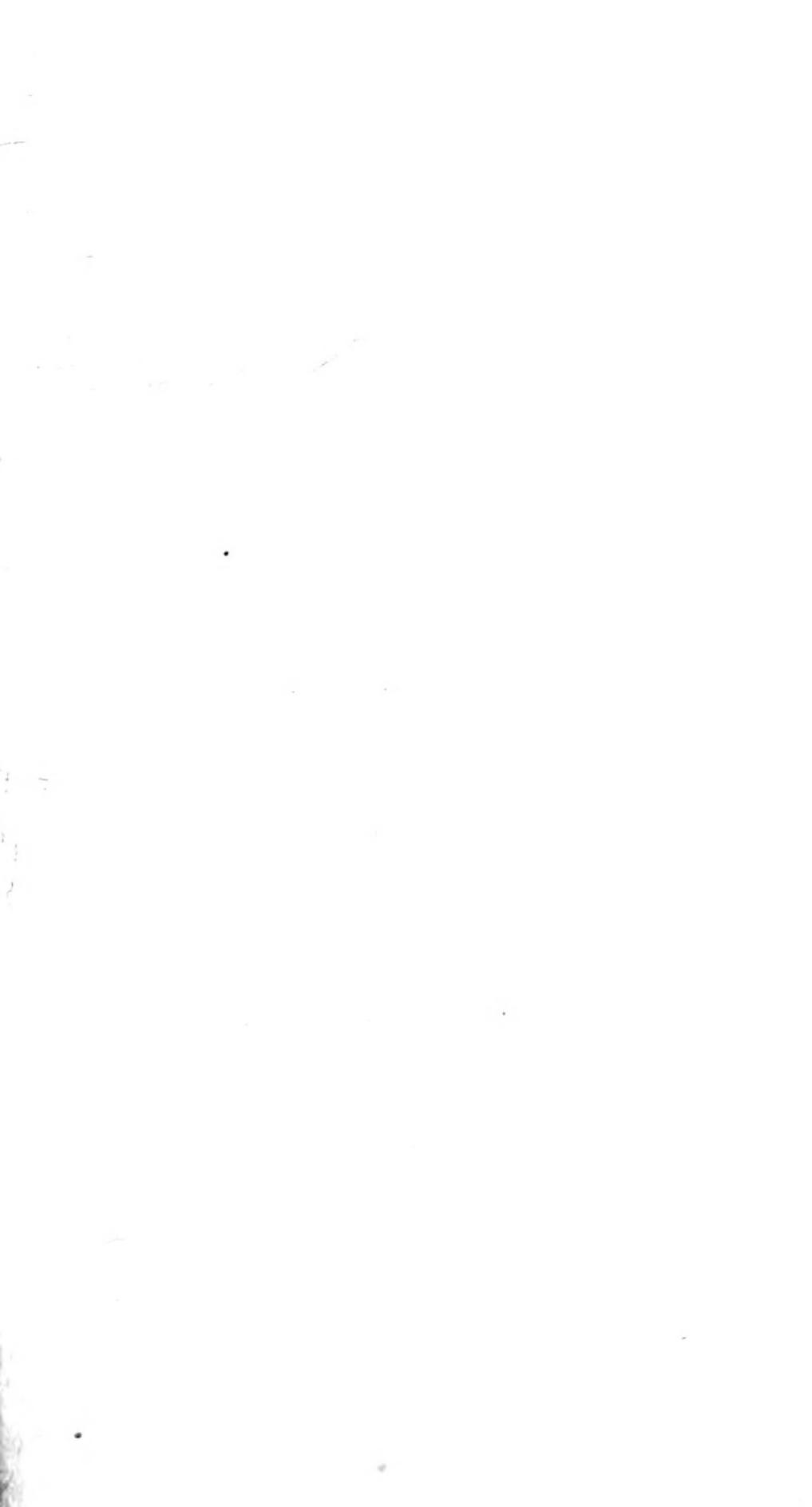
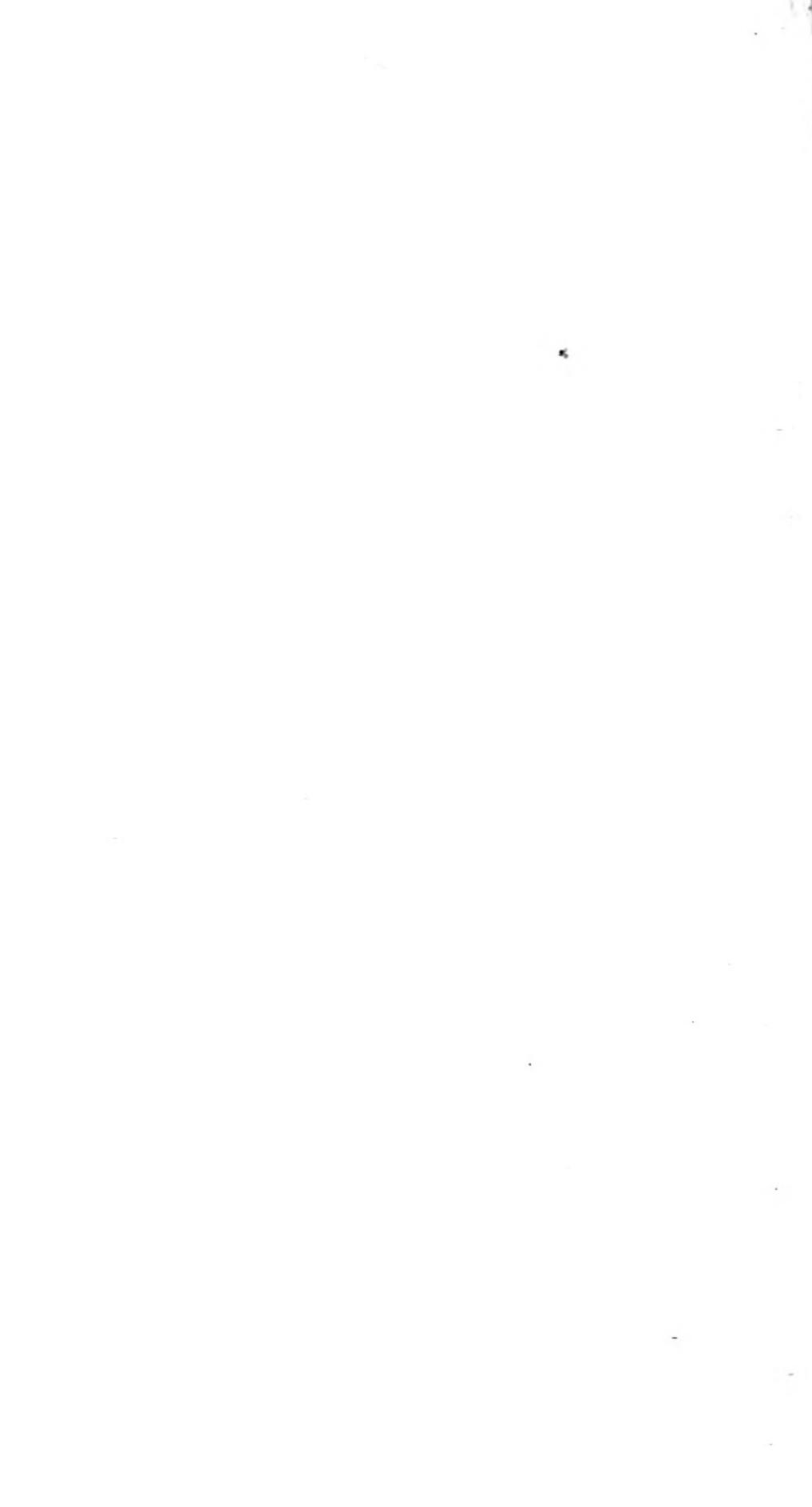
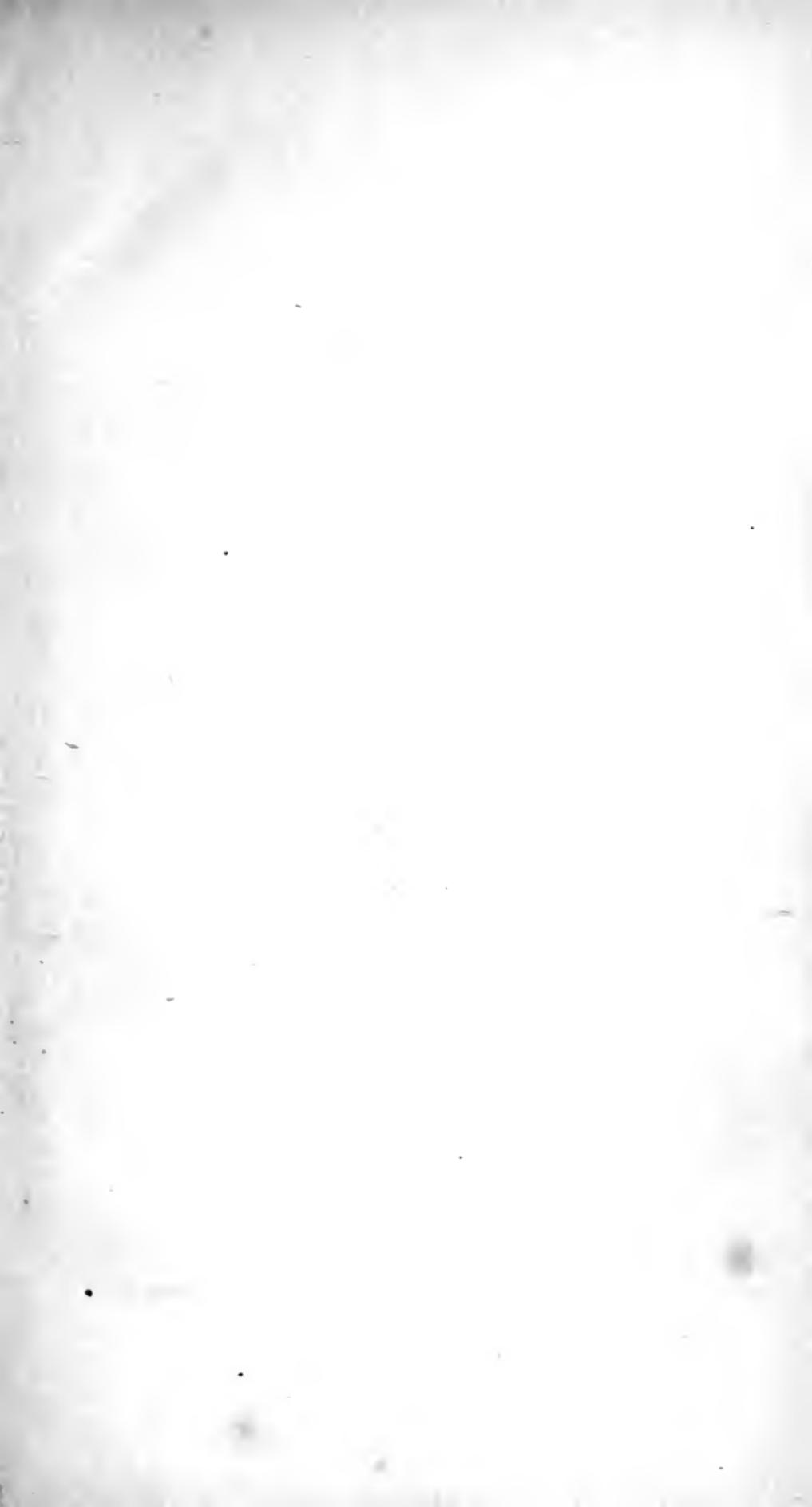


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R H Y D I S E L.

THE

Devil in Oxford.

“ Scilicet in siccis ambulat ille locis.”

“ What ! can the Devil speak truth ?”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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RHYDISEL.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE CONVERSATION WHICH
PASSED BETWEEN THE DEVIL
AND DON JUAN DE MORLA.

THE Devil having brought the tragic story of Llewelyn to a conclusion, turned his eye towards Don Juan, reconnoitring the effect produced by the relation of it on his countenance; which, he saw, was heartily chopfallen indeed. Whilst he continued to ogle him with a most malicious squint and leer, “ Alas ! alas !” said the Spaniard with a

deep sigh, “ what a consummation of misery have I heard. Of all the melancholy tales or adventures to which my ears have ever listened, whether real or fictitious, this is beyond measure, the most lamentable and distressing ;—and, what renders it still more so to me, is, that the unfortunate person who has survived so many calamities, is at this moment before my eyes. Poor youth !” he continued, looking intently on him, “ it had been better for thee if thou hadst perished likewise, but the term of thy pilgrimage cannot endure long ; for, although the mind is capable of supporting great sorrows at intervals, it cannot sustain the uniform pressure of incessant grief. In the grave there is tranquillity.”—“ In how

much?" said the Devil; "on my conscience, Signor Don Juan, it seems you have but a schoolboy's comprehension; in spite of all you see and hear, you hang to the vile prejudices of your education, and refuse to think consistently. How can you talk about bearing grief at intervals? have not I told you that Llewelyn is usually mad? His spirit is then often happy and unconcerned about his misfortunes; and what tranquillity have I taught you to expect in the bowels of the Earth?"—"I confess," answered the Spaniard, recovering from his reverie, "I am in the wrong; I beg pardon of your worship, that I had forgotten your own expeditious ascent from the well; but, prithee, tell me what shall be the fate

of this unfortunate? I myself am but a man, and although I may think, I cannot feel abstractedly."

" You ask," replied Rhydisel, " that which no order of spirits, who are attached to this planet can tell, and if any one hath endeavoured to assure you of the contrary, I affirm that he who did so, was no less than a fool, if no more than a hypocrite. You would pry into the secrets of futurity, before you have rightly considered, or at all profited, by that which is past or present:—know, that even if the destiny of him whose misfortunes affect you so much, were open to my view, I have neither organs nor language to utter it, nor have you the most feeble

ray of intellect by which you could comprehend it. If it were otherwise, I should not be Rhydisel, and you would cease to be a man : in the mean while look here on your left. There sits in his breeches and shirt a writer of Romances, who has just composed a mournful adventure in two vols. and this is the catastrophe of the first. The hero and heroine having been married two or three years, and in the usual way got twins once or twice, are not altogether so amorously inclined towards one another as they used to be. The hero treats his bride with neglect, indifference, scorn, contempt, hatred, and go to bed. She goes to bed, and in a fit of rage and despair poisons her children and herself, having first written a letter.

selon la coutume, full of invectives, tenderness, and a long farewell. The husband finds her dead, reads the letter, and remembers in an instant all his former love, his oaths, his protestations, the raptures he has received in her arms, the bridal day, the night: then his love for his children, gives his heart a knock; he finds them dead. A thousand confused impressions revive in his recollection; he falls down in a fit, and here all reasonable people will expect the affair is at an end. *Tout au contraire.* No such thing. Lo and behold! in the second volume he gets up out of his fit, goes mad, and stabs himself; is put to bed and doctored *secundum artem*; after a few mad years, he gets well, marries again! is

wife-ridden, beat, bullied, and cuckolded ;—cuts his throat and dies ! *Voilà la pièce finie, allons nous en.*

“ In the next house is an author, hatching a dedication for a little poem he has written, to a certain set of Reviewers ; this is the twentieth he has composed, and he is yet unsatisfied. I shall repeat to you three or four of them, as he is rather curious in his manner of addressing them, and a little singular in his expressions. This is the first :

“ Learned Gentlemen,
“ A due conviction of the sense,
integrity, and discrimination, with
which the lucubrations of every one

of you abound, has inspired me with the boldness of introducing this little work to your protection. I bow with humility and respect before your great tribunal, and acknowledge the antiquity and ubiquity of your awful right. Being therefore, as I believe you to be, Gentlemen and Scholars, I submit my labours with confidence to your criticism, and am, learned Gentlemen,

“ Your devoted humble servant,
“ The Author.”

The second.

“ Gentlemen of the short Robe,
“ A due contempt for the sense, integrity, and discrimination, which are to be found out of your several lucubrations, together with the cravings of

your several bellies, has, I am aware, brought many an author into a scrape, and yourselves into oblivion. I dedicate to you this small volume, in hopes of relieving your necessities by rescuing your reputation, if only for a month, from the shelf where it appears to have laid, or the peg from which it has hanged, during the last nine or ten years. If you will call at my bookseller's and leave a proper receipt, he will accommodate each of you with a share of twenty-four old shirts, which I have requested him to divide among you.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c."

“ The third.

“ Critics,

“ I have found by nice calculation, that one of your trade has the same ratio to a tailor, that a tailor has to a man, and consequently that it requires eighty-one critics to make a man.

“ I always observed you were very dull fellows, for which I could not altogether account, considering you were small feeders; until I had satisfied myself of the truth of my assertion, which I am ready to prove, if you have any desire for demonstration. Of course, I cannot descend to particulars with a score or two of critics; but, if you will depute one-hundred and sixty-two of your profession—equal to two

whole men—I shall meet them with the greatest alacrity, &c."

" One of his dedications is addressed to the gay world, and is as follows :

" Ladies and Gentlemen,

" To you I dedicate my sheets, and much service may they render you."

" Let us leave that bright genius and his discoveries and look into the next room, where a young man is laughing over a piece of ludicrous poetry he has composed, and denominated ' The Fable of the Hearse and the Butt.'—" He laughs as if he enjoyed it," said Don Juan. " No wonder," re-

plied the Devil, “ ‘tis his own: listen;
he reads it aloud to hear how it runs.”

“ THE HEARSE AND THE BUTT.

“ A FABLE.

“ It happened on a winter’s day
As once I took my ‘customed way,
By Ch. Ch. stables as I passet,
I heard a voice—and stood aghast.
’Twas of a Hearse, whose accents dread
Might kill the living, wake the dead;
A Butt of sherry by his side,
Lay anchored safe in noble pride.
Touch’d with the wrong and pain’d to see
One near so light of heart as he,
The vehicle of Death address’d
In anger thus the unwelcome guest:—
‘ Hence, bold intruder,—in this place
How couldst thou dare to shew thy face?’

How couldst thou dare in this retreat,
Unhallowed wretch, to take a seat?
With idle mirth and pleasure vain,
Thus to disturb my solemn reign?
Here was I plac'd to teach mankind
How poor's the bliss you give or find;
To shew how transient are your joys,
And steal the heart from folly's noise.
The great prerogative was given,
To me to point the way to Heaven;
To check the gay with sober fear,
And force from cruel eyes a tear;
To soothe and comfort the distrest,
With prospect of eternal rest.
I hate your revelry and songs,
Where madness oft the feast prolongs,
I hate the Bacchanalian roar,
The shattered glass, and wine-stain'd floor;
Altho' thy fascination calls
E'en thy own votaries to my walls.
Thus spake the Hearse; the Butt replied,
In indignation at his pride,

And thus, inflamed with honest fire,
Exprest the fury of his ire :
‘ Thou dismal wretch ! unfit to dwell
In any but a dungeon’s cell,
With moping grief and diet spare,
And pining want and sickly care,
Thou monstrous thing ! dost thou pretend
To carp at me whom all commend ?
Whom all admire, caress, delight in,
Teaching, preaching, fiddling, fighting ?
Dost think, contemptible machine,
Thy cumbrous air and awkward mien,
To one idea have given birth
Beyond a whining ‘ Earth to earth ?’
Or that thy melancholy phiz
Hath rais’d one thought of heavenly bliss ?
Whene’er to some dead man sic placet,
To ride in thee to his hic jacet.
What company dost thou obtain,
To tramp or jumble in thy train ?
Hired mourners, hypocrites, and weepers,
Knaves counterfeit and real sleepers,

Dull stupid whimpering maids in pairs,
A drowsy priest and canting heirs ;
Some dozen humbugs at the least,
Who snivel and sit down to feast,
Stuff, guttle, gormandize, and snore,
Or drink and swagger as they did before
This is your great effect, hear mine,
And learn the benefit of drinking wine.

In ev'ry hall, at ev'ry feast,
I'm really a welcome guest,
I banish forms, remove all care,
Improve the beauty of the fair ;
I light the torches of their eyes,
That dazzle and confound the wise ;
I give them wit to win all hearts,
And fix a barb on Cupid's darts.

No hypocrites attend my shrine,
There ever has been truth in wine,
Which fires the dull, transforms the grave,
And makes men generous, good and brave ;
While all enjoy around my bowl,
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

See Er**'s Rector, what a grace
I shed upon his rosy face,
What frank good humour from his eye
Spreads mirth around when I am by ;
And mark how mildly P*r*o*s laughs,
When my inspiring cup he quaffs ;
H**'s wide benevolence through me,
For years shall triumph over thee ;
Long will I cheer his tranquil age.
Nor mar the christian and the sage.
One glass of mine shall oft improve
A Da**is sweet smile of love,
And when from me W*n**a*l*y sips,
I'll breathe new life upon her lips,
And shew the world how great's the power
Of modesty in beauty's flower.
With me shall Ch. Ch. binns be stored,
I'll grace their hospitable board ;
Through me, when toil and labour's o'er,
And pupils tease their ears no more,
L*v*tt and C**n* shall oft be merry,
And bless the day that brought them sherry,

In witty converse with the good,
The independent, generous W***
But, ere the vinous fumes arise,
They'll stop, be merry, and be wise.
W** I***s*n with immortal glee,
Shall fondly hob and nob in me,
With her who fans his kindling fires,
The object of his chaste desires ;
And B*r*** breathe forth tender sighs
At thought of some young beauty's eyes ;
E'en G**s***d's iron tongue shall speak,
To some sweet air his amorous Greek,
And filled with me shall Doctor W****,
Arabian sonnets oft indite ;
Recall with joy his pagan galas,
And chaunt aloud La illa allahs.

“ What is a gawday without me,
Or what monastic revelry ?
What's Fell or Wolsey or his king,
Except I'm in the jovial ring,

When pious dons, in scarlet state,
Their benefactors celebrate,
And every member is so good,
As to be drunk in gratitude !
'Tis I who calm the lover's pains,
And stimulate poetic strains ;
Enlarge the spirit, fill the mind,
With visions of the heavenly kind ;
It's rapturous fancies I engender,
Romantic, passionate, and tender ;
'Tis I that make men proud to die,
When fair ones pay them sigh for sigh,
Whose charms'—‘ A truce,’ exclaim'd the
Hearse,
‘ I'm quite disgusted with your verse ;
Your brains are in your bowels sunk,
You talk so fast, I'm sure you're drunk ;
I'll hear no more of this vile story,
You self-dubbed grave memento mori.
Although you may be most approved,
At present hugg'd, caress'd, and lov'd,

When thro' your votaries you have pass'd,
They'll travel in my guts at last.
Nay, thank me, coxcomb, when I tell ye,
You came here smuggled in my belly."

"A very ingenious fable, on my conscience," said Don Juan, "and a very pretty moral.—Pray, Signor Rhydisel, who is that gentleman in the apartment below, who has two pair of spectacles on his forehead, and still appears looking for a third?" "That is an old Don," replied the fiend, "as proud of his pedigree and person, as if he were descended from Lucifer himself; he is going to favour the world with an account of the great families to which he is related, and meeting here and there in his researches with one or

two of his relations, who have been hanged, pilloried, or transported ; he has been wandering about his room all night, like a troubled ghost, endeavouring to call up some idea, by which he can sink, in his narrative, the characters in question, or their last dying speech and confession. After much contemplation, he has happily thought of treason as a cause for their suspension, &c. &c. because treason, he persuades himself, is only loyalty on the unlucky side, let the circumstances be what they may ; for even if a man commits robbery or murder, he is only guilty of being loyal to himself ;—so, that he is now going to fill up all the blanks in his family, with *prodit*.

flagell.—*prodit sus. per coll.*—*prodit. transmar. exul.*—*prodit. cippo pos.*—*prodit. columb. devinc.*—*prodit. felo de se.*—The most amusing part of his character is, that he intends by his last will and testament, to be carried to the mausoleum of his ancestors for interment, when it shall be necessary; and a surgeon in the town intends to bring him back again at any expense, for the sake of his skull, which has been cut through in three places by the hatchet of a gipsey, who detected him once in an awkward situation with a young lady of his gang.—What a pity it is that the Ægyptians of old were not apprized, that the magnificent cemeteries which they built, and the

costly drugs, with which they embalmed their dead, would only preserve their bodies through so many generations, to serve as a paint to the artists of Europe !

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DREAMERS, &c.

“ **D**EDEFEND me !” cried Don Juan of a sudden, “ what is that roaring here behind us ?”—“ Roaring ?” said the Devil,—“ Oh !—it is the snoring of a Welsh parson, who has been at church to-day for the first time these eleven years. He dreams that he is there still, and that he feels very sleepy.”

“ He roars so shockingly,” rejoined Vincentio, “ that I can scarce hear you speak ;—let us move a little farther

off, or wake him."—"That would be difficult," said the **Dæmon**; "we must even budge a house or two nearer the church;—look here, my lord."—"What am I to observe?" demanded the other.—"Here is a dignitary of the sternest aspect, smiling in his sleep with the greatest complacency.—Ah, ha! the agreeable creature!—he said a great many flattering things to the superior this morning, and he dreams now that he sees him enter his dormitory with a crook, and a bundle of lawn.—There are two others in the adjoining apartments, under much the same impression,—with this difference, one sees a vision of lawn sleeves hanging in front of his bed; and the other fancies he has them under the bed clothes.

“ Turn your eyes to the left a little, and you will see a man with a large wart on his nose, fast asleep on his back: he has been gallivanting with a young lady of great beauty all day, who affected to be pleased with his attention, although now and then she cast a distrustful glance at the excrescence on his proboscis. When he retired to his bed-chamber, he began to hunt over every book of divination or magic, he could get at, in hopes of finding a charm that would dissipate the eye-sore; in this occupation he has fallen asleep, and now dreams that the obstacle is removed, and that having overcome all the reluctance of the fair, he is conquering her last struggles.

“ In that turret yonder, I observe a man who has just waked in a fit of the horrors: examine his features, Signor Vincentio.” “ I remember him well,” answered the Spaniard, “ he was hissed yesterday in the theatre.”—“ Hissed?” interrupted the Devil. “ He has been hissed and hooted on every public occasion for the last four years, notwithstanding he is, and ever has been, most ambitious of a great name and reputation. The cause of his present fright is this:—

“ He went to bed an hour ago, and had not been long asleep, when he dreamt that a genius of the mildest yet most commanding mien, approached him as he wandered about Bag-

ley Wood in a delightful reverie, and told him, that if he would adopt a plan, which was dictated to him, he should acquire the esteem and approbation of the university. He gave his promise. The genius then brought him immediately to the theatre, and heard him make the declaration required; when he fancied himself saluted with a loud laugh, and turning round to his conductor for an explanation, beheld, instead of the genius, a nymph of the wood as notorious as poverty, who joining in the uproar and derision of which he was the subject, reproached him with the commission of one act of his life, the knowledge of which, he had till then been convinced, existed but with himself. The accusation an

nihilated him. He fell down dead in imagination, and got up alive in reality, having started from his slumber at the fancied horrors of death and infamy.

“ In the next apartment but two, lies a politician in profound sleep. He dreams that he is now in the infernal regions, (which is not difficult to be accounted for, as he has busied himself for the last month with reading and writing dialogues of the dead;) and has found the inhabitants in a state of tumult, almost approaching to mutiny.

“ After applying in vain to several noble and gentle Fiends, for an in-

sight into the cause of this hubbub, he has just been accosted by a well-bred Devil, who remarked, on introducing himself, that he should not have ventured to intrude on the stranger's acquaintance, but that he overheard him soliciting information from persons, who were too proud and stupid to give it, whilst he himself should have great pleasure in communicating every thing the other could desire."—

" This noise," he continued, " which goes nigh to raise a rebellion in hell, proceeds from the eternal squabbles of two great Devils, each the leader of a numerous party: they were cotemporary rivals on the earth, which they left about four thousand years ago, and resumed their contention as soon

as they arrived here. They have made such perpetual disturbances in the commonwealth, in urging their claims to superiority, that the officers have desired them at length to appear face to face, and argue their pretensions, for once and for ever, before the assembly of representatives. The trial is just beginning,—let me have the honour to shew you the way.”—

“With many thanks,” replied the politician, taking his arm, “but is what you affirm a fact?” “What?” said the Devil—“That Hell is a commonwealth? I always thought it had been an absolute monarchy.”—“Oh!” replied the Devil,—“have you been weak enough to credit that humbug of the earth?—I suppose, you imagined

that Pluto and Proserpine sat here in state, cheek by jowl, or perhaps expected to behold the court of Minos or Rhadamanthus ;—nay at the least you thought to meet Eblis sitting on a live coal, with a red-hot poker for a sceptre ;—all my eye, sir, upon my honour,” (laying his hand on his breast) “ the dwellers on the earth are without exception the greatest liars in the universe.—No—we are wise enough to be republicans, and despise all distinctions of rank ;—indeed no one would consent to be a king here, because he could not procure state, pageantry or flatterers ; which may account to you for the sour looks of those gentlemen to whom you first addressed yourself, who have not been here a sufficient

time to shake off the prejudices with which they died.—You may now perhaps be surprised that it is possible for us, after what I have told you, to have any government at all, knowing that in your world, the administration of justice could never take place without these *et cetera* ;—but the fact is that the inhabitants here compel the freshmen to act as their representatives in the execution of government, for three days on their arrival, which are thus disposed of: On the first they sit still and say nothing, being taught their duty by those who are of two days standing; on the second they preside in judgment, and on the third, in their turn, teach the next succession; after which they are kick-

ed and buffeted through all the infernal regions, by way of being rewarded, and complimented with the freedom of Hell. Thanks to ourselves, we have no written laws; common sense goes for what it is worth, and we find it answers every occasion, no one being interested, hired or bribed to argue against it but—the antagonists are already clearing their pipes.— I told you the cause of the contest;— they each endeavour to prove the other inferior in villainy and devilishness; (according to your acceptation, although we call it here by another name.) It is a foolish piece of vanity, however, which can do them no good, let who will gain the palm."

“ I claim superiority,” (said a little high shouldered Fiend, whom the politician learnt from his conductor to be Hastafur, one of the disputants,) “ from the energy of my rule over a people distracted by the anarchy of unsettled opinions, who acknowledged neither order nor social compact ; who had thrown off every species of restraint, and were actuated only by the momentary impulses of their wild perversity. This people I governed with a rod of iron and the axe, and never failed to obtain any object I chose, however damnable and infamous. I even went to the extent of oppressing them till there was so little agriculture carried on in the kingdom, that to prevent a general starvation I was

obliged to put them every one on rations."

" That you were a most malicious rascal I will not pretend to deny," said his antagonist, known in Hell by the name of Guillabis, " that in your plans you proceeded with the rapidity of fire, and that to the vulgar eye, you appeared the very Prince of Fiends.

" It is no less true, you rationed your people;—but did not I do the same? Did not I, when my evil spirit produced a war for superiority, starve my own nation, and force upon it the opinion that the famine of my countrymen was the starvation of yours, and does not my creating this famine argue an in-

tellect superior to yours, which strove to palliate a necessity, you would fain have remedied altogether?"

" Well!" replied Hastafur, " that may be true; but what say you to my conversion of all property to my own use, by introducing a worthless medium of exchange, which threw the mass of capital into my hands, to carry on my projects of ambition?"

" You did, you did," returned Guillabis; " but I did more.—After having inveighed against your conduct, and raised a horror of your actions, I gave to the land which was secure, the right of refusing to pay the legal demands against it, but in a coin

of no sterling value, that could be increased to any amount, and that in a republic, which regarded the credit of mercantile punctuality as the basis of its name and character. You adopted a measure like the first you urged, founded on necessity ; I practised a master-piece in politics to ruin my countrymen, with their eyes opened by the very act, which I anathematized in you,—who were but the child and champion of evil, whilst I was the father of it.”

“ I the child of evil ?” retorted Hastafur—“ Who—pray,—by a committee of safety made every thing unsafe ? who filled his dungeons, with the great, the noble, the innocent ?

who dropt the axe devoted to his will upon a million of unfortunate wretches, whose only fault was that of having a certain rank, and whom he found it necessary to sacrifice to his unbounded ambition?—who but myself? Who obliged a nation to exult in executions committed under the names of Liberty and Philanthropy?—Answer this.”

“ I answer,” replied Guillabis, “ that here again you were favoured by the necessity of the time. You had to mislead a people in the madness of revolution, but I suspended for years those laws, that made sacred the liberty of my countrymen, and imprisoned at my pleasure all whom I chose to term disaffected, without bringing them to

trial ; and this in a government of acknowledged stability, the essence of whose constitution was the sanctity of individual liberty. Nay more—I did all this in the teeth of my own speeches, which expressed an utter abomination of your tyrannies ;—held up despotism to their eyes, while I persuaded them it was a defence of freedom, and made my will the boundary of speech and action, when there was no necessity for it. You indeed found your countrymen slaves ; I made mine so.—You tyrannized without a sanction ; but, I myself sanctioned my tyranny.”

Guillabis in uttering this last sentence, swelled himself out so horribly

with triumph and ostentation, that it provoked the spleen of a Demon on the opposite side, who cried out “ False, false, Peacock !” “ Who dares interrupt the pleadings ?” said the President. “ Martafol, another word, and I issue my warrant for conveying you to—out of Hell,—proceed Mr. Hastafur.”

“ Whether you think,” said Hastafur to his opponent, “ that lengthened imprisonment and tortured hopes are a greater curse than an accelerated, savage, triumphant execution, is not worth determining. What have you done to equal the civil war I kindled among my subjects, in almost every province, and the murders beyond de-

scription I caused to be committed in my capital, by keeping up the rage of political contests?"

"I did more," replied Guillabis, "for I had less occasion. Did I not separate and alienate one half of the republic from the other, and for loyalty, frankness, and unanimity, substitute discord, inveterate hate, and a wish for any thing rather than a return to former compacts, aye, even to the question of preferring your countrymen, Devils as they were, and as I had represented them to be, to my own?" "Softly with your trumpet," cried Hastafur, interrupting him, "did I not by my exertions prepare my people to desire the perpetuation of my tyranny? the des-

potism of an adventurer, a tyrant? who never failed to remind them of myself?" "And did I not prepare mine to receive your very counterpart, as you call him," said Guillabis; "Who but for his sudden death, would have pulled them by the beards?—but what was the consequence? you left your nation emerging from her distresses, from which she rose to be one of the greatest on earth, and is yet in some consideration;—and I left mine in such a state of anarchy, that you know it survived my death but thirty years."

"That's false again," shouted Martafol, "you impudent, proud, strutting, conceited jobber."—"Martafol," said the president, striking the

air with his tail, "you have aggravated your first offence, by this second indecency; I shall take the sense of the assembly upon expelling you from our society."

"Turn him out, turn him out," with one voice, re-echoed around—"Turn him out," *nem. dis.* "turn him out," *nem.con.* The president resting his body on his right leg, and holding forth his left hand, addressed the culprit in these words:—Mr. Martafol, you have twice offended the court with your saucy interruptions and foul speeches, for the which, they punish you; and the sentence of the court therefore is, That you be immediately kicked out of Hell, and that your spirit shall be imprisoned

nine months in the darkness of human flesh, after which, you shall see the light through a garret window in George-lane, at Oxford, in Great Britain, on the Earth ; where you shall begin your peregrinations, and in course of time, arrive to some of its honours. You shall pass for a good man, and know all the while, that in its acception you are a villain ; you shall then return to us by the gallows. Get out!" On this signal all the Devils attacked him, buffeting, kicking and tossing him from one to the other, till he became nothing; his soul had flown off to reside in the flesh of the Lady in George-lane, who was at that moment on the point of conception.

“ Immediately on his disappearance, the court was formed again, and the disputants were going to recommence their arguments; but they both began together, and behaved so rudely, that the president stamped his foot, and ordering silence, entered into a colloquy with the representatives, which lasted about five minutes, when he addressed the rivals as follows :—

“ Gentlemen, you are both fools. You know precedence here is not worth a bad halfpenny.—I'll hear no more of your pretensions, which cannot be decided; but, to preserve these confines from a civil, or uncivil war of words, I pass on you and your respective followers these sentences:—

“ You, Hastafur, for twelve thousand years shall continue to decapitate the shadows of your satellites, who must pass successively before you during that period in perfect silence.—You Guillabis for the same term, and within sight and hearing of Hastafur, shall make a speech to your party, whom we compel, and they are hereby compelled, to listen to you,”

“ Here the politician’s dream is becoming imperfect, his fancy recurs to the sentence of Martafol, whose banishment to this city corresponds with the manner of his own birth, and being awake to some other similarities, he is not overjoyed at the last part of it. Let us leave him to his qualms.

"Here is a young lady in a bath of perspiration, produced by the force of her imagination. She has a great capacity, well cultivated and excellently taught. This is the first time of her being in the University, which she has visited out of curiosity, with several of her friends, whose acquaintance procured them a train of attendants, to exhibit and explain the history of the lions. She made so many, and such sensible remarks, on all she saw and heard, that the graduated squires could not refrain from expressing, in most liberal compliments, the high opinion they entertained of her learning and discrimination. (*Nota bene, She is very handsome.*)

“ Having retired to bed greatly elated with their praises, she now dreams that she is become the phœnix of the city, and that all the university is at her feet : her imagination is so extravagant, that she fancies herself at this instant actually standing over it ; one of her legs being placed on Carfax and the other on Magdalen Tower.” At this the Spaniard instinctively raised his hands and eyes towards the spire of St. Mary’s Church just over his head, (as they were in the middle of the town,) and breathing short with astonishment and admiration, ejaculated “ Ventrebleu !”

“ Cast your eyes on this side,” said Rhydisel, turning round, “ and observe

that building opposite, next to the one with the green railing before it ; in the centre apartment of it, where the rush-light burns on the hearth, sleeps the Bashaw. He has been tormented with a fit of the wind-cholic, (which has not yet left him,) and has been laughing in his sleep, notwithstanding, at the idea of answering all the fine speeches made to him to-day, with, “ Sir, can you cure the belly-ache ? ” At present he feels a severe twinge of the mulligrubs ; and, while he dreams that he sits in state, surrounded by the senate of the university, he cannot help telling them of it, and prefacing his speech with “ having had griping pains.”

“ In the house on this side the street

sleeps an antiquated maiden, who is better pleased with her person, than any one else is. Like another Acco, she spends half her life at her glass, conversing with her dear image, which at any rate does not talk less sensibly than herself. She dreams that her servant, on whom she has lately set her affections, has burst in upon her at her toilette, and looking at herself in the mirror, the sight of her bald pate, and of her teeth so unfortunately straggling about the table, has turned her brain.

“ Next to her sleeps a young gentleman distractedly fond of music, in which he thinks himself excellently well skilled, and consequently bores

every one he talks to with this his only topic. As he is capable of great things, I shall cure this disease in him forthwith, by conveying to his ears one sound from the immortal harmony of the spirits that preside in the upper air, above the region of vicissitudes.—If you would hear it, listen.”—While he yet spoke, the strain began, so low and soft, that Don Juan thought it must needs arise from the extremity of the earth; the swell indicated its approach, until it seemed to occupy the whole canopy above their heads, when it died gradually away, as if it retired through the elements into the remotest part of the universe.—The fiddler, awaking, started from his bed, and, running to his fiddle-case, snatched up the instru-

ment, and began banging it against the bed-posts, till he had pretty well smashed it, exclaiming, “ What an idiot am I, to boast of my skill on this trumpery, this sneaking, squeaking, caterwauling machine.—Fool! Dolt! Fiddler forsooth, and yet I did but dream.”—He got into bed again. “ We may leave him,” said the Devil, “ his vanity is gone; in half an hour, he will grow cool, resolve to mend his fiddle in hopes of improving his style, play better, and talk less.”—

“ In the chamber underneath, a silly fellow, who has married a girl of sixteen, has just awaked at the noise which the musician, the fiddle, and the bed-post, have been making. His little

wife is still asleep, and dreams that she is in the arms of her lover, whom she addresses by name ; whilst the astonished husband discovers, by her half uttered expressions and murmurs, that he forms, as the Italians say, “one side only of an equilateral triangle !”

“ Two doors farther, on the ground-floor sleeps a fat damsels, who has been dancing all night with a partner she could not endure, whilst there was a youth in the room, with whose appearance she was mightily taken, who would not ask her to dance in spite of all her advances. She now dreams, that he has been introduced to her, and that she endeavours to lead him into conversation, but in vain; after eleven

fruitless attempts to get something out of him, she at last induces him to say, in a manner which she cannot determine to be stupid or ironical, “ Madam, can you swim ?”—

“ Who is that lank, lean, withered, wrinkle-faced man ?” said Don Juan, “ who endeavours to open his window with all his might, and without success ?”—“ He is a physician,” replied the Devil, “ lank and lean from Highland feeding, and wrinkle faced, as your countryman Quevedo expresses it, from poring over close-stools. He took, before he went to bed, a strong diuretic, in hopes of relieving a violent lumbago ; and, while he dreamt that the ghosts of all those bodies, which he has dispatched

into the earth, were scowling at him, and denouncing vengeance, a young patient, who lodges with him, and suspects that he has been the subject of some of his experiments, conveyed away from his chamber every species of vessel, secured the window, and locked the door on the outer side. The physician awaking with an affrighted conscience at his dreadful dream, and jumping up to relieve his body from the effects of the solvent, groped under the bed, and hunted every crack and crevice of the room, without obtaining the fair object of his desires ; he next ran to the door, and finding it fast, has had recourse to the window, like the man of whom Xenophon speaks, that came to tell him of the death of

Clearchus, holding his bowels in his hands ;—but here also you see he is baffled, and I cannot say myself what resource is left him.

“ In the room, on his left hand, a worthy doctor of laws has just shrunk under the bed-clothes at the sight of his wig on a pole-block, which he has mistaken for the ghost of his wife, whom he has been dreaming of.

“ Over him sleeps an old, ugly lawyer, who was nonsuited the other day in an action he brought against a young gownsman for killing one of his pigeons with a stone. He has married a fury lately with a large fortune, and stills keeps a harpy a few miles in the

country, to prove his devotion to the fair sex. He dreams that the fury, jealous of her dues, and raging for revenge, has discovered the harpy, his fair Rosamond, who is not lazy in returning her attack, for they descend to blows, and tear one another to pieces, like Mr. Felix O'Shaganbale's two cats, who fought so desperately, that they eat one another up, and nothing was left but the tails."

"I see a man," said Don Juan, "in the second story of that square tower, who laughs so heartily in his sleep, that he appears almost choked." "He is a grave divine," replied the Fiend, "who has drank pretty largely during the night in a company of young men, one of

whom, a stranger, sang a little *jeu d'esprit* in praise of love and wine? The sleeper encored it heartily, and dreams at present that he is singing the last stanza to his own associates, who join with glee in the sentiment, dancing and waving their wigs in the air at the fourth line. Here it is.

“ Then let us now the hour improve,
And yield to mirth’s dominion,
Let’s drink a health to lawless love
And d——n the world’s opinion ;
For who is he that would not wish to prove
The joys of Wine and Love ?”

CHAPTER III.

OF THE DEAD.

THE STORY OF ELIZA.

“FROM the contemplation of these,” continued Rhydisel, “ who are but the counterfeits of death, let us descend, if you are so inclined, to the repositories of those bodies, whose spirits are supposed to have quitted all connection with this earth. The consideration of death ought never again to affect you with melancholy, or blue devils; for, although you may look on

it as a terrible tax, another will regard it as a great privilege. Who, in the prime of life, can wish for perpetuity, when he cannot preserve the mansion of his soul from decay, or be pleased at the prospect of living for ever, with the infirmities of five score? you shall one day feel the rapture of escaping from the cumbrous mass of flesh whose perishability now occupies your concern, and grieves your imagination; your high forehead and aquiline nose, your legs, on which you so much pride yourself, will be remembered with contempt; and with some such feeling, perhaps a worse one, you will reflect on the servility and humiliation, which you have often consented to put on and submit to, in the hope of

receiving what you call favours from the other sex.—Come, sit on the balance, and let me transport you into the church ; this pile of building affords but a small part of itself to that purpose for which one would think it designed. The wisdom of the human species, in this and some neighbouring kingdoms, devotes the edifices, intended for adoration, to receive the putrefying carcasses of all the knaves and fools, who can afford to buy a seat in them.”—

As he spoke these words, they alighted in the aisle, and Rhydisel, immediately pointing to a monument, said, “ Read this, signor Don Juan.”—The Spaniard walked towards it, and read

the epitaph of a young lady, who had died of a broken heart, so beautifully and pathetically related, that it almost drew tears from his eyes.—“If you have any desire,” continued the Spirit, “to be acquainted more at large with her history, I shall not hesitate to afford you that satisfaction.”—“You anticipate my wish,” replied Don Juan, “in offering me that information, which I was about to solicit.”—“Be seated,” rejoined the other, “and listen.

“ Arthur O’Carrill, having served his country with honourable zeal for forty years, retired, at the age of fifty-nine, to spend the remainder of his life in peace and tranquillity. After the

fashion of many other adventurers, he had commenced soldier in love with his profession, expecting to enrich himself with the spoils of his country's foes, and at least to obtain honour and reputation by his courage, gallantry, and perseverance.

“ These hopes, however, he never realized, as thousands, without interest, have never done before him ; and, after enduring all the hardships of war, famine and imprisonment, in every corner of the globe, he perceived the infirmities of age beginning to steal on him, before he had raised himself two steps higher in the world, and found that he was likely to conclude his

career, as a minuet-dancer or metaphysician, just where he began.

“ He was induced to give up his profession at this prospect, and in consequence of receiving a little bequest from a distant branch of his family, which, though inconsiderable in itself, he expected, with his half-pay, would enable him to live tolerably happy, and complete the education of a young lady who passed for his daughter; although no one remembered him ever to have been married; and, therefore, if she had any title to his name, he perhaps had not made those sacrifices to the law and the church, which they both have taken good care to make

sure of, in general, by attaching the epithet 'base born' to all of their species, whose propagation has not been duly entered and paid for.

" Be this as it may, Eliza Carrill, at the time of her reputed father's withdrawing from the army, was in the eighteenth year of her age, and possessed such wonderful talents, and exceeding beauty, that, notwithstanding the seclusion and privacy in which she lived, the fame of her learning and charms had spread over this and all the adjoining counties. Her father had fixed his habitation in a small cottage about a mile from Glympton, in a pretty valley, (indeed it is the most

pleasing part of Oxfordshire,) and about nine miles from this city; where, among so many amorous young men the reputation of her excellent understanding, her modesty, sincerity, and most captivating perfection of person, could not fail to be a common topic of discourse. So extravagant were some in their praises of this rare creature, on whom nature, with a lavish hand, had bestowed such wonderful gifts, that many, carried away by their curiosity and imagined love as it were, rode daily to Glympton and its vicinity, in the mere hope of beholding her; and others, whose revenues would not afford a horse, have walked about there, I might almost say for a whole

week together, with no other desire, than to catch a glance of her, as she happened to be strolling about the fields for exercise or pleasure.

“ Together with the great fame of her charms and accomplishments, there did not fail to be coupled the dubious history of her birth ; for her celebrity, and the admiration with which the male sex ever spoke of her, were sure to excite the envy and jealousy of her own. The young women pretended never to have heard of her, or when her name was mentioned, used to ask one another—“ Does any one know her ?”—The matrons bridled up at her praises, and exaggerated the account

of her birth, of which all was conjecture;—but truth is no serious consideration to those who, being anxious to remove their daughters from an eclipse which they suffer by some phœnix or paragon, think the first step towards accomplishing their purpose consists in consuming the phœnix in its own splendor. For this reason, an old dowager would pretend to strike the harp in her praise, saying, “ She is a beauty, I allow, and accomplished to a miracle; but, my dear ma'am, she has not a penny,—then,—you know, she is a natural child!—of what use are beauty and learning when a woman is married,—only to make her husband suspicious, or convince him that he is a fool?”

“ On the strength of these remarks, some young men, who would almost have married her without having seen her, (so much had her character and description fascinated them), were startled at the thoughts of such an alliance, and resolved to keep from the sight of so dangerous a person; while there were others who, presuming on her poverty and illegitimacy, dared to think of her as a mistress. She, in the mean time, however, passed her hours in peace and innocence, improving her mind, and directing her little household in retirement and obscurity; while the knowledge of her perfections still caused her to be the theme of universal admiration: like the modest violet, which introduces itself to your notice by its delicious perfume, and

continues to gratify you by diffusing an odour of which you do not see the cause, and often may long search for in vain.

“ It is not to be supposed but that, in spite of the machinations practised by those of her own sex, who sickened at her praise, and endeavoured in vain to detract from her merit, the loveliness of her mind and person obtained her several offers of marriage, from gentlemen who neither objected to her birth or fortune. In answer to all these her father urged her extreme youth and inexperience, resolving, however, not to interfere with her choice whenever she felt disposed to communicate it to him, provided it was respectable

and discreet; for he had but little idea that a lasting satisfaction can subsist in marriages contracted on short acquaintance, or that love can exist long, when penury compels it to be the last consideration. However, it seemed, by her silence on the subject, that she was in no way affected by their addresses, for she never failed to decline them, when offered to herself; and, whether she disliked the idea of leaving her father to a life of solitude, or really disapproved of her admirers, she continued to appear contented with her present situation, and utterly indifferent to the slightest sensation of love.

“ Among the few of her female ac-

quaintance, who strove to gain any intimacy with her, there was a Miss Renalt, an old maid in the acceptation of the world, for she was turned of thirty, who was particularly assiduous in attempting, by repeated acts of civility and attention, to inspire her with sentiments of friendship.

“ This Miss Renalt was supposed to be related to some noble family, from whom, for reasons of her own, she chose to live estranged ; she saw but little company, and lived, if possible, more retired than her fair neighbour, whose many amiable and excellent qualities induced her to wish for that reciprocal sympathy of esteem which she succeeded in establishing, and from the

commencement of which, are to be dated the calamities that fell upon them both.

“ Oh, woman ! woman !” interrupted Don Juan, “ what a tinsel, unsubstantial toy, is the friendship of thy sex for each other.—For the object of thy desires, for the man of thy heart, I well believe, thou wilt do great things,—nay all things that may become a noble soul, but in attachment to the daughters of Eve, thou hast all Eve’s frailty ;—a look, a smile can disconcert it, a whisper annihilate it ; an expression in praise of thy friend shall make her thy foe, and render thee crafty, jealous, revengeful, malicious as a fiend ;—the caprice of all

things, the affectation of sincerity, or the sincerity of affectation, and a satire on both."

"Gently, gently," said Rhydisel, "what has given you such an insight into the character of the fair sex? has their affected intimacy ever troubled you?—Never.—Cease to utter these anathemas or reproaches, and be so good as not to interrupt me with any more soliloquies."

"Have I uttered a falsehood?" replied Don Juan, "satisfy me that I have, and here I retract my words."

"By no means," returned the Spirit, "that is not my business,—think for

yourself, but if I were Don Juan, I should think with more charity. I shall return to the story which you stopped short by your interjections."

"Mis Renalt having assured herself of the good opinion of Eliza, and feeling a very particular interest in her favour also, now began to devote to her nearly the whole of her time. This lady was in reality thirty-eight years of age, but her captivating manners, and the freshness of her complexion, for which she was indebted to nature only and clean water, might have authorized her to sink six or seven years in her calculation at least, for she scarce appeared thirty, was well proportioned, and interesting

though not handsome, sensible, well-educated and accomplished.

" As Eliza objected to leave her father by himself, and as it was agreeable to the friends that they should not be separated unnecessarily, Miss Renalt was soon induced to be almost a daily guest at the house of O'Carrill. Her affection for the daughter dictated expressions of respect to the father, who rejoiced that Eliza had found so amiable a companion, and began to derive a great satisfaction from her society himself.

" In this intercourse, about six months had passed away, when one morning, while they were alone at

breakfast, O'Carrill addressed his daughter in these words:—"I fear, my dear, your sense of duty to me, has hitherto restrained you from profiting by the many considerable offers you have justly received ; yet, though my affection, which commenced with you in your cradle, and has increased with your years until it has become incapable of augmentation, renders your company and conversation the delight of my life.—I cannot endure that your charms of mind and person, which will constitute the happiness of some deserving young man, should be lavished on me alone. I have for some time been meditating an expedient to release you from this filial duty, which no child ever executed with more zeal

and patience, and have at last come to this resolution.—You shall speak in my behalf to your friend Miss Renalt, whom I am determined to marry, if she will consent to such an union. I know her age is considerably greater than is generally imagined; nay, that she is nearly forty years old, and I have lately become acquainted with some circumstances respecting her, which, (if I were to urge them,) I suspect would have great weight with her; but, I wish that the first declaration should be made to her by you, as well as that your mediation should induce her to consent; she will probably feel a pleasure in obliging you, if she is not gratified herself, and I shall be indebted to you both. Be assured,

my dear, I have duly considered what may be the event of my success, and that I have substantial reasons for what I propose. Your happiness may be increased and cannot be diminished: you can take advantage of an offer of marriage, without leaving me a prey to solitude, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you properly established in the world. The disparity of Miss Renalt's age and mine is not so great, but it may be excused without any violation of decency. If she is happy, she will have to thank you for being so; and for your sake, if there were no other inducement, I cannot fail to endeavour to make her so."

"Here he left off speaking, and

Eliza, who had listened to him with less astonishment than he expected, replied, that she would not hesitate to obey his commands, and only hoped that the division of his affection, which was the pride and happiness of her existence, might never incline him to think his daughter less deserving of his love: She acknowledged that she had suspected his sentiments in favour of Miss Renalt, whom she believed to be worthy of them; and as for herself, she had never felt any attachment but for him, and wished for no other situation than that which she now enjoyed. She then departed to execute his desire.

“ I dare aver, Don Juan,” continued the Spirit, “ it seems strange to your

mind, that a beautiful creature, such as I have represented Eliza to be, should declare herself insensible of love, and that a good man of sixty years should think of bringing a step-mother into his house, to supplant an amiable and dutiful child in the direction of it. But the confession of the young lady was absolutely true ; and the old gentleman had a reason for his conduct, which you will be sure to admire when you are acquainted with it ; at present I shall continue my narrative.

“ Miss Renalt received the proposal of O’Carrill with the good nature and approbation he expected, but she chose to keep him for some time in suspense, before she gave a definitive answer. This

littleness of soul, dissimulation, I shall call it, rather displeased Eliza, who found, for the first time, that her friend was not destitute of those tricks in love concerns, which she had so often heard her reprobate in others, never imagining they were inseparable from the sex, and drew from her an observation that the other recollects a long while after.

“ At length, however, having played for a week with a man of sense, in the same manner that a cat plays with a mouse she intends to devour, letting it run a little way, and then catching at it again and again, she consented to be Mrs. O’Carrill, and a day at no great distance was appointed for the celebration of the wedding.

“ Notwithstanding the friendship that existed between Eliza and her intended step-mother, they felt each of them some little uneasiness at the prospect of revolutionizing their present system of communication. The one could not divest herself of some natural apprehensions, which were excited by the history of all step-mothers, and the other was a little suspicious, that her daughter-in-law would not, on reflection, altogether approve of her consenting to be the wife of her father. However they kept their several ideas on the subject to themselves, and the day at length arrived, which rendered all further considerations superfluous.

“ It was on a fine morning in the

end of March, that Miss Renalt, attended by Eliza to the parish church, pronounced those terrible oaths, at which many a private gentleman has hung his head and looked foolish, in favour of Arthur O'Carrill, a man of whose history and character she knew so little, that she was in doubt at the very time, whether to consider his daughter as legitimate or not: nay, she had no reason to be convinced that she was even related to him at all, for he had never uttered a word to her about his family, and Eliza, who had never heard him mention her mother, and had entered into the prevailing opinion of her own illegitimacy, thought the circumstances of her birth, no very interesting subject of discourse either

to him or her friend. Miss Renalt, however, had never demanded any account, nor presumed on a single question on the score of family adventures or connections to either of them. Such a lack of curiosity in a woman, carries with it a strange appearance no doubt; but, probably she had a reason for her silence.

“ Arthur O’Carrill had preserved the same respectful silence to his bride on the subject of her affairs and relations, so that they were married, as if they had been the only surviving couple on the earth after a deluge or a plague, who had no mind to lose time in asking questions;—but O’Carrill had one advantage over his lady:—he knew every

tittle of her history, with which from the first manifestation of his proposals (at least from the moment she had approved them), he had expected she would be anxious to acquaint him, as it was of a very particular cast.—From what source he had gained his information, you will discover by and by, I have no wish to detain you in suspense, but the introduction of it at present, would disconcert the tenor of my story.

“ O’Carrill felt a degree of inquietude, at her delaying the expected explanation, and when he met her at church, without having received any communication whatever, he became very much disturbed, and scarcely had

breath to pronounce the service ; looking all the while in her face, which was paler than ashes, and, expressing in his own countenance, doubt, distrust, suspicion and dismay.

“ When the ceremony was concluded, instead of noticing his wife, who stood trembling by, he turned to his daughter, and taking her hand, whilst he endeavoured to compose his face, that it might conceal the struggles in his bosom, made a vain essay to utter the word Eliza ! the sound died on his lips, and as he strove to recover it with repeated fruitless efforts, a tear stole down his cheek, and dropt on the hand which he held. At the sight of this he became completely unmanned,

and falling on his daughter's neck, wept aloud. In a moment or two, he recovered himself with a convulsive shudder, and looking towards his wife, said, "Madam, behold your daughter!" (She started at the wildness of his manner, and fixed her eyes on Eliza, as if she had never seen her before.) In the next instant, he addressed his child: "Henceforth, my dear one, you have a mother." He then took one under each arm, amidst the wonder of the parson, and astonishment of the clerk, and a few spectators, walked quietly home to his cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

STORY OF ELIZA CONTINUED.

“ **O**N his arrival, he found a letter, subscribed ‘ Henry O’Carrill,’ lying on the table: it was from his brother, whose house had been attacked, and himself desperately wounded, by a set of freebooters and ruffians. The letter informed him that no hopes were entertained of his brother’s recovery, who was not expected to survive a week, and requested his immediate presence in the north of Ireland.

“ Having read it over three or four times, with evident indications of surprise and mortification, he gave it to his wife, and while she was engaged with it, retired from the room and prepared to comply instantly with his brother’s request. In about an hour he returned with a degree of composure in his countenance ; made an apology to her for his abrupt departure, and having again recommended her and his daughter to each other, set off for Holyhead.

“ Mrs. O’Carrill would have been mightily astonished at the occurrences of the morning, and perhaps have conceived no very favourable omen of the married life, from the altered manner

of her husband, if her mind had not been so much occupied by her own concerns, that all she saw and heard, appeared to her as in a dream. Her bosom was torn with a variety of contending sensations, from which at one moment she seemed to shrink into nothing, and at the next to be roused into madness; then suddenly recollecting herself, she cast a glance towards Eliza, and started at beholding the attention, with which she was watching the variations of her countenance.

“ After several vain attempts to conceal the struggles that passed in her, by an affected serenity of features, and to escape the scrutinizing eyes of her daughter-in-law, which she

could not help persuading herself looked through her, she left the room, and retired into a grove, that adjoined the house, to ruminate on her situation without interruption.

“ Here she had wandered about an hour, when Eliza coming out to bear her company, observed her walking backwards and forwards, like one bereft of her wits, stamping the ground, clenching her fists, and gnashing her teeth. At the same instant, that she was descried by her step-mother, they were both startled at the yelping of a pack of hounds, and the hallooing of five or six fox-hunters, who rode pell-mell through the garden, trampling and annihilating turf, walks, and

all the botanical productions, with as little mercy, as a hungry shark would dine on one of them. They passed on as intent on killing the fox, as if they meant to eat him, perfectly regardless of an accident, which befell the head-most gentleman of the party, whose horse fell with him in leaping a haha, where they laid together whilst the others sprang over him and rode off.

“ As soon as they were gone, the two ladies went to his relief, assisted by a man who had been working in the garden, and endeavoured to help him on his legs, but finding him incapable of supporting himself, they laid him on the grass, in a state of insensibility, and the gardener hastened away

to procure the assistance of the village apothecary.

“ The satellite of Æsculapius arrived in about half an hour, and overhauling the wounded gentleman, who had come a little to himself, found that he had an arm fractured, and a leg either broken or dreadfully sprained, besides a score of contusions, which prevented his recovering the immediate use of his senses. As it was impossible for him to be moved to any distance in his present condition, therefore, with the aid of the gardener, he carried him into the house, and having undressed, and put him to bed, began his operations without delay.

“ He succeeded so well, that in about a couple of hours, he brought him perfectly to his recollection, acquainted him with the particulars of his accident, the death of his horse, who was killed on the spot, and the fracture of his own arm, (the leg proving only sprained.) He next told him, in whose house he was, and to whose care he was indebted, for the attention he had received, and learnt from him in his turn, that he was Lord Morven, the eldest son of the Earl of Arros.

“ On this, the apothecary immediately left him, to acquaint Mrs. O’Carril with the intelligence he had gained—repeated the expressions of

gratitude which the young nobleman had offered, and concluded with a flourishing panegyric on his extraordinary comeliness.

“ In this respect, he did not exceed the truth: Lord Morven, then just twenty-one years of age, added to an excellent heart and understanding, possessed a most surprising symmetry of person, and a countenance of the greatest possible interest. He was one of those fascinating figures, from whom a young lady can seldom or never un rivet her eyes,—who seems born for the glory and delight of the fair sex, captivates by a glance, and conquers by a smile,—when he speaks commands attention, and when he ceases

obtains their admiration:—the altar on which they wish to sacrifice their passions, the deity to whom they wish to sacrifice their hearts, and the man to whom they wish to sacrifice their persons: the enslaver of women,—of whom he need only to ask, that he may receive favours, and often may be excused from even that little trouble—on the score of rank !

“ I have no doubt, Signor Vincen-
tio, but that you have made up your
mind, to hear the history of an amour,
between this accomplished youth, and
the beautiful Eliza,—and you will not
be disappointed. Although the ap-
pearance of Lord Morven, in a state of
insensibility, had not yet made the

slightest impression on her, nor could it well be expected, the time was at hand, when she had to experience some of those pains and torments which her own charms had raised in so many of the other sex; still she could not refrain from a sensation of pity, at the sight of him, and pity, if unaccompanied with horror or disgust, as the poet says, is akin to love.

“ But although she was perfectly uninfluenced by any of the circumstances attending the accident,—the case was far different with Mrs. O’Carroll,—you may remember this lady had worked herself into a terrible rage, just before she was startled at the appearance of those valuable members of society the fox-hunters: a

situation the most fatal a woman can experience, for when she is under the dominion of one passion, she wants but opportunity to be undone by another. —The adventures of the morning; the looks and actions of her husband; the ideas and expectations raised by the anticipation of the wedding day; the total disappointment of them; the precipitate departure of O'Carrill, and his strange and altered conduct, for which she now began to fear she could invent a reason;—all concurred to put her spirits in a ferment, which fixed more strongly the prepossession she had conceived for the young nobleman, however absurd and romantic, one would suppose, she could not help thinking it.

“ Absurd and romantic as it really was, her passions drove her to persist in it, in spite of every honourable reflection, which attempted to obtrude itself into her recollection.—She suffered herself to be completely carried away by desires which but a day before, one might imagine, she would have blushed to have thought of, and at the very moment that the apothecary came to tell her the name and quality of her guest, she was meditating the means, by which she might recommend herself to his notice.

“ She listened with the most serious attention to every particular of his information, and sympathized with him in his eulogium on the person of

the youth, whose rank, instead of deterring her from prosecuting her designs, added fuel to the fire that was consuming her, and united with his expressions of gratitude and obligation, loosened still farther the bonds of self-consideration, and led her one step nearer her destruction.

“ Urged on by this irresistible impulse, she took every opportunity during O’Carrill’s absence, of frequenting the apartment of Lord Morven, sometimes spending nearly the whole day in his conversation, attentive to his least wish, and administering every comfort of which he stood in need,— playing at him the whole artillery of her charms; and, in short, practising

more than all the arts, which you can expect a lady, thirty-eight years of age, can exercise with a view to excite a passion in the heart of a young man of twenty-one.

“ That she should not altogether succeed, cannot appear a matter of wonder to you, notwithstanding the variety of her attacks; Lord Morven entertained a proper notion of what passes in the world for honour and integrity, and never dreamed of repaying by an intrigue, the civilities, and assistance he had received from Mrs. O’Carrill.—’Tis true that after the first week he had been there, he began to fancy her behaviour and expressions a little flighty;—but not think-

ing it possible for a woman in her situation to suffer an idea of betraying her husband to exist in her mind, he looked on them merely as the effusions of good-humoured gallantry, and repaid them in the same strain; and well it was, perhaps, for O'Carrill, that his wife had not practised on a less conscientious young man, for she still retained charms of no slight consideration, and manners that might have won the affections of many a sober, chaste, discreet gentleman: as it was, the return she met with, induced her to persuade herself of success, inclined her to believe she had raised a passion in his breast, and stimulated her to persevere in her designs.—Amiable creature!

" At the expiration of a fortnight, with the gracious consent of the apothecary, Lord Morven was allowed to leave his bed; his arm was in a fair way of getting well, but his leg, which had been so violently sprained, still prevented him from moving, as he could only use one crutch, and that on the side which least wanted it. This confinement annoyed him the more as he wished to relieve Mrs. O'Carroll from the trouble he caused her, and, (if he had confessed the truth,) to escape from a situation which he began to think rather dangerous for him,—for the gallantry of the lady, in his view, began to appear a little sentimental.—Oh that sentiment! that sentiment! that charming sentiment!"—

cried Rhydisel, breaking the thread of his story,—“ which fills the heads of young lovers, and turns the heads of old ones—the offspring of a sigh and the mother of flattery and nonsense!—a mask for physicians, a metaphor for a lawyer, a quart bottle for hypocrisy, a stumbling-block for wit, and a tie perriwig for a priest;—the convenience of matrons, the creed of old maids, and the possessions of a soldier;—the antipodes of logic,—the bane of rhetoric, and the very entrails of poetry; the shuttlecock of marriage, the strengthener of heads, the exalter of horns, and the pill, that renders young female 'prentices, capricieuses, lascives and vagabonds. Like a coat on a peg, it is hanged up, when

not worn, and when in the way, costs nothing to be got rid of:—it passes for what it's worth until you have occasion for it, and then, like a wounded scorpion, it stings itself to death ! !”

Don Juan could not help staring at the Spirit, while he muttered this strange digression with such astonishing volubility, and in so low and hoarse a tone, that it sounded like the rumbling of a distant cataract, or the bellowing of a tethered bull; however, before he had time to take any further notice of it, Rhydisel had resumed his story, as if he had never made the least deviation.

“ On the third day of Lord Mor-

ven's resurrection from his bed, he was wheeled by his own desire, out of his apartment, into that usually inhabited by the family. Mrs. O'Carrill, elated with the consciousness of having gained an ascendancy in his heart, and dreading his becoming acquainted with Eliza, of whose superior beauty she was jealous, had shut herself up in her room, meditating a plan by which she might at once gratify and conceal her passion. Eliza was therefore alone in the drawing-room, when he and his equipage appeared at the door of it, and immediately rose to receive him.—How was he struck at the sight of her! Forgetting his crippled state, by an involuntary motion he attempted to rise, and return her salute,—but

the leg denied its office, and he would have fallen to the ground, if she had not sprung forwards to his support, and reseated him in his chair.

“ Of what moment are trifles, between young persons of different sexes, who enjoy mutual surprise and pleasure at the first sight of each other, you, Signor Vincentio, are well aware. All the ancients who have written on this subject, and whom you have read, concur in asserting, that Cupid never shoots his arrows so deep into the human heart, as when he designs to inspire love at first sight, and that the immediate consequence is a necessity of beholding not only the slightest civility, but even a look of sympathy,

or an expression of concern, through a sort of invisible microscope;—in this case, however, it was a second sight on one side, so perhaps not to be brought under the influence of this axiom, nevertheless, as if they had possessed but one spirit divided between them, which recognized itself in an instant; or from some other cause, which the dæmon of love can explain so much better than myself, that, I will not venture a comparison by infringing his prerogative, from this moment they felt a mutual affection. Was it wonderful? Recall to your memory the description I gave you of them both.

“ Their *tête-à-tête* had lasted a couple of hours, before Mrs. O’Carrill,

who suspected nothing less, was roused from her reverie, by the sound of their voices in the room below her. Having listened a moment, to convince herself that it was Lord Morven who was engaged in conversation with Eliza, she took another to arrange the disposition of her features, and with the third made a pause in their dialogue. At the first glance that she cast towards the invalid, her apprehensions were confirmed.

—Quis fallere possit amantem !

Her diseased imagination instantly presented every circumstance of their meeting to her eyes, in that light, of all others, which she hated and expected. She blushed and turned pale at

every alternate look that she cast, and her pride at last taking the alarm, converted her jealousy of Eliza into hatred, malice, and revenge.

“ She had discernment sufficient to see that the passion, with which she had flattered herself of having inspired Lord Morven, was about to give up the ghost, if it were not already dead and extinct ; a circumstance that ultimately she considered as her greatest good fortune, although at the time she made the discovery, she persuaded herself it was almost the greatest disappointment of her life. Despairing therefore of future success, she suffered her unabated desires to take their own course, as time or chance might direct,

and turned her imagination to prevent her rival from profiting by that which she had lost.

“ Lord Morven remained another week at the cottage, during which, as Mrs. O’Carrill could not prevent him, he conversed daily with Eliza, who became herself more deeply enamoured, and riveted closer those chains, in which she had secured the affections of this excellent young man, whose love, but for the interposition of the step-mother, had proved the happiness and glory of them both.

“ It is tedious and painful to pursue the progress of any vicious inclination in its operations, more especially of

jealousy; for being dead to every idea, but those which cause it, the means by which it obtains its ends, are generally disgraceful and infamous, and the effect, whenever it arrives, baneful, pernicious and abominable. Therefore in relating the manœuvres of Mrs. O'Carrill, I shall be as concise as possible, and leave all I can to your imagination.

“ He first step was to take an opportunity, in private, of acquainting Lord Morven with the history of Eliza’s birth. Of this he had heard some vague reports before his accident, but she endeavoured to persuade him that O’Carrill was not her father, and that she was the child of his bounty,

an orphan, a beggar, whom he had adopted and educated. Finding this made no impression on the youth, she next wrote an anonymous letter to his father, Lord Arros, telling him the same story, and representing his son as being violently in love with her daughter-in-law; however, before this letter had time to produce any effect, Lord Morven was enabled to return to Oxford, and so far for the present put a stop to her machinations.

“ At his departure he found an opportunity, in spite of the jealous eyes of Mrs. O’Carrill, of telling Eliza how much he had been gratified by her acquaintance and conversation; he spoke most feelingly of her beauty and a-

compliments, without degenerating into any species of flattery, and concluded by hoping he might be permitted now and then, to have the pleasure of calling on her, when her father should return.

“ To this she answered by thanks, delivered in a manner that he at any rate thought bewitching, and told him, that as far as she could venture to ask him to her father’s house, she should be very happy to have the honour of seeing him.

“ A day or two after he came to this city, being then on the point of leaving the university, Arthur O’Carrill returned home. His wife and daughter

were both astonished at his sudden appearance, without any previous notice, (having never heard from him,) as well as at his melancholy looks, for he was pale, emaciated, and woe-begone.

“ From the deep mourning in which he was dressed, they drew a right conclusion respecting the fate of his brother, who had just held out till his arrival, and died in his arms, bequeathing him property to a considerable amount, of which however he did not think it necessary to acquaint his family.

“ He received the salutation of his wife with less coldness than she expected, from the manner in which he had

left her, but still he had reserved all his tenderness for Eliza, whose caresses he returned with the most affectionate fondness; this distinction irritated Mrs. O'Carrill still more against her daughter-in-law, notwithstanding she must have been sensible of her own unworthiness, and urged her to proceed to extremities, from which when too late she in vain endeavoured to retract.

“ In the course of the evening, while listening to the story of Lord Morven’s accident, O’Carrill contrived to drop some hints about the family of his wife, which embarrassed her very much, for she discovered by them that he must have been intimately acquaint-

ed with some part of it, although he had not given her any reason, to imagine he suspected her of being one of those whose very names he mentioned. When she retired to her bed-room, he hastily followed her, and shutting the door before she had time to recollect herself, from the agitation into which his hurried manner had thrown her, addressed her in these words :—

“ Madam, there is a circumstance in the repository of my thoughts, which preys upon my spirits, and embitters my life.” She looked at him with an air of distraction, without venturing to utter a syllable, so wrapt was she in the apprehension, excited by his mysterious speech. “ There ought not to be,”

he continued, “a more sacred receptacle for the griefs of a husband, than the bosom of his wife ; she it is who should be the soother of his sorrows, the nurse of his affliction, his solace in misfortune, his pride, his comfort in adversity, and the incorruptible guardian of his honour.—If the relation could be reversed, the same is the duty of the husband, who is bound equally to cherish and comfort his wife. But it is my fault or misfortune,” (he fixed his eyes on her’s,) “ to want that confidence, which should incline me to divide the cause of my uneasiness. Judge for yourself—and let this candid declaration excuse my withdrawing from your apartment ; you shall be treated here with all the respect due to

Mrs. O'Carrill, which I for many reasons will ensure you, by setting an example of civility and attention to you in every external and daily occurrence: but there it ceases, I never shall intrude into your chamber."

" He retreated towards the door as he uttered this last sentence, and with the last word made his exit, leaving Mrs. O'Carrill in a state of consternation, arising from the recollection of more than one act of her life.

" As soon as her fear had subsided a little, she began to reflect on the conduct of her husband, and notwithstanding the reproaches of her own conscience, so infatuated was she, as to be

unable to help persuading herself that it was unjust; at one moment, she imagined he had discovered her inclination for Lord Morven, at the next, that he had heard of her letter to Lord Arros, and lastly, that he had discovered her:—but this she was unwilling to believe and as she could not fail of thinking herself an object of desire, she marvelled at his abstaining from her bed.

“ In the midst of these reflections, instigated by conceit, disdain and rage, as it was possible that one more uncharitable than the rest could enter her head, it did.

“ An idea struck her that Eliza, in-

stead of being his daughter was his mistress; that he had educated her with no other view; and that he had now, (old and emaciated as he was), quitted the apartment of his wife, to pass the night in the arms of her rival.

“ Full of this idea, which was hatched by her depraved soul, she softly opened the door of her room, and walked on tiptoe to that of Eliza, to whom in reality she overheard her husband talking in a tone of endearment. Many women in such a case would have thundered at the door; demanded admittance; flown at the rival; reproached her faithless spouse, and abandoned the house in a huff. Mrs. O’Carrill, did neither. She calculated in a moment

that this knowledge which she had gained, would effectually destroy Eliza's reputation with Lord Morven, palliate her own behaviour, and enable her to concert an intrigue with him herself. She returned to bed perfectly satisfied of her suspicions."

"Is it possible!" said Don Juan interrupting the Spirit, "that the beauteous and charming Eliza could be subservient to the will of such an old debauchee?" "What!" replied Rhydiesel, "is it possible, Mr. Paragon of Animals, that you can suspect such an intercourse for a moment? What a numskull! What! the brave, the generous, the noble minded O'Carrill, throw away the beauty and the repu-

tation of an angel, to gratify a passion confined to animal flesh. Nay, nay, if O'Carrill had not possessed a soul of the greatest dignity and merit, or if Eliza had been less amiable, excellent, and unhappy, she would not have been the subject of this Epitaph, nor should I have recounted the history of her charms, accomplishments and misfortunes."

CHAP. V.

STORY OF ELIZA CONCLUDED.



“ WHEN O’Carrill quitted his wife’s apartment in the manner I related, he met his daughter on the stairs, and retiring with her to her closet, acquainted her with the speech, and resolution he had just (he said) been compelled to make. His heart was wrung with anguish, at being obliged by some particulars of her life, to persevere in this intention, and he was lamenting with tears and sighs, that he had ever,

though from the best motives, brought into his house a woman who could be so ungenerous as to deceive him. The purport of his conversation was therefore to prepare Eliza for his behaviour to Mrs. O'Carrill, and to represent to her the expediency of not altering her's. Eliza promised to comply with his commands, and he retired to his own room, leaving her to ruminate on the farewell expressions of Lord Morven.

“ The next morning, soon after breakfast, that young nobleman made his appearance, considerably recovered of his lameness, being able to ride, although he still carried his arm in a sling.—He said he had escaped from his surgeon's commands, who forbid

his attempting to mount a horse, but he could not refrain any longer from paying the first visit in his power, to those who had laid him under such infinite obligations. O'Carrill was very much prepossessed with his appearance, and detained him to dinner, as much to his content, as to the joy of Eliza, who found that he had not lost any thing in her opinion since their parting, and began to imagine that the happiness of her life was connected with his.

“ This was an extravagant notion for a young lady to entertain, especially one of such sense; but in spite of every antiquated idea of conquering Love, on the earth, I never was con-

vinced, and certainly never shall be now, but that it is a passion, which young subjects cannot resist. Eliza was well aware of the distance between Lord Morven and herself, and strove to quiet every instigation of her heart in his favour; but love is as involuntary as admiration, and although she persuaded herself of the impossibility of being his wife, still she felt a pleasure in fancying away that impossibility, and by indulging in imagination, fixed still deeper in her heart, that passion which she had found there.

“ Lord Morven was not a jot more at his ease. He had been won by the first impression of her beauty, and like many other young men, despising the

niggard sentiments of parents, had resolved to ask his father's permission, to make her an offer of his title and fortune, as soon as he could convince himself she would not be disposed to refuse him. Eliza, though on the reserve, betrayed her satisfaction at seeing him ; and he returned home at night, very well contented with his reception.

“ It was on the fifth time that he had been induced, by the sensations which I have accounted for, to visit the cottage of O'Carrill, that he found an opportunity of acquainting Eliza, who, as well as himself, had not become a greater philosopher from the conversation of their preceding meetings, with

the opinion he entertained of her. She was perfectly prepared for it, and answered with a dignity and generosity that became her, that she could not so far take advantage of a passion she had inspired, in a person of his rank, as to accept it without the most unequivocal consent of Lord Arros, and her own reputed father. ‘Reputed,’ she repeated, ‘for I am wholly ignorant of my birth, though I believe from his tenderness and affection, that Mr. O’Carrill is my father; but of my mother I know nothing; nay, I never even heard her name mentioned.

“This declaration, which astonished the young nobleman by its frankness, convinced him that the object of

his love was worthy of it, no less by her disinterested and noble spirit, than by her beautiful perfection and accomplishments; whilst it rendered her in his estimation more lovely if possible than ever, and drew from him an exclamation, and a voluntary promise, (in case of his father's disapproval,) bound by a solemn oath.—A promise that he had better never have made, for 'at lovers oaths they say Jove laughs.' Howbeit, I, a spirit, and above the affections of this world, in compassion to his unfortunate credulity, will bury his promise in oblivion. Not that Eliza deceived him. No—it was that Machiavel, Miss Renalt, Mrs. O'Carrill, who destroyed his peace of mind.

“ Whilst he was yet conversing with her, who was so worthy of his affection, O’Carrill entered the garden where they were walking, and presented a letter to him which was open, and signed Arros. He started at the sight of his father’s hand-writing, and his surprise did not diminish as he perused these lines.

“ Sir,

“ I am informed that my son, Lord Morven, is at present engaged in an amour with a person under your roof, whom you are pleased to protect and countenance with your name.

“ As I have every reason to believe you to be a man of honour, I trust

that a great part of my information may be incorrect ; but as I can see no reason why any one should be at the pains, under the pretence of friendship for my family, to deceive me with such an account, I have to request that my Lord Morven may not be admitted into your house, and that you will take upon yourself the trouble of acquainting the young lady, be she who she may, that I have other views for my son, and that I never will acknowledge her for a daughter in any way whatever.—I beg that the situation of my Lord Morven, and my respect and consideration for my family, may excuse the apparent severity of my determination.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ ARROS.”

“ Lord Morven having read the letter, returned it to O’Carrill, saying, ‘ It is true, sir, that I entertain the highest opinion of your daughter, and half an hour ago made her an offer of my hand. I own I intended first to solicit my father’s approbation, which I have no doubt I shall yet obtain; when I have an opportunity of convincing him in person of the injustice of his suspicions, and the worthiness of this young lady: but, that I may not put your complaisance to any trial, I shall immediately take my leave, and I flatter myself I shall return in a few days, properly authorized to solicit the honour of an alliance with your family. So saying, without waiting for any answer, he walked towards his servant,

who was leading his horse, and having mounted with his assistance, reached his hand to Eliza, who followed him to the gate, as if with a design to say something; he leant forward in the attitude of attention, whilst she attempted to speak, but in vain—her tongue refused its utterance.—She placed her hand in that which he held forth, and turned her face aside to conceal her tears, as he wrung it for the last time in her life.

“ Mrs. O’Carrill, whose repeated letters to Lord Arros had caused him at length to take some notice of them, had overheard all the conversation between Lord Morven and Eliza, previous to the interruption of her husband

in the garden, by concealing herself in a thicket for that purpose. Having so far banished the young nobleman, her next step was to prevent his ever returning, that she might fulfil her vengeance on the amiable, unoffending object of her envy:—and for this purpose she now acquainted Lord Arros, in the same anonymous manner, that the young lady on whom his son had set his affections, was no other than the mistress of O'Carrill, who was likewise married.—This account, of the truth of which she had fully persuaded herself, she contrived to get whispered about the neighbourhood, by dropping a hint now and then before her waiting-maid, and by asking mysterious questions of the servants;

until from one step to another it became a matter of common discourse as well as belief, that Mr. O'Carrill had been detected by his wife, in the arms of his mistress, the accomplished young lady who had always passed for his daughter.

“ This report was conveyed to the ears of Lord Morven in at least fifty different channels, and in such a variety of representations and degrees of infamy, that at last he fancied himself bound to inquire into it.

“ He was then in town, endeavouring to persuade his father into compliance with his views ; who, instead of consenting, took him very severely to

task, and reproached him for harbouring an idea of bringing into his family a woman on whose fame there was a stain, 'For,' said he, 'there must be some foundation for the report against her character; it cannot originate in nothing.'—

"Lord Morven, although he had no great opinion of Mrs. O'Carrill's continence, had not discovered any circumstance in her conduct to authorize a momentary supposition of her being the author of so horrible a calumny.—Distracted with doubts and anxieties, he resolved to explain them to Mr. O'Carrill at once, and accordingly wrote him a long letter, relating every thing he had heard, and

begging, for God's sake, that he would contradict it all.

“ This letter was like a thunderbolt to O'Carrill. He and his daughter, (as it usually happens,) were the last to hear the report that attacked their reputation. Roused into anger at what he considered a base insinuation, he persuaded himself that it was solely a vile scandalous manœuvre of the young lord, to break off all connexion with Eliza ; and without taking an hour to reflect on what he was doing, answered it by recriminating on him as the basest of men, and forbid him ever to address him or his daughter again, on any pretence whatever.

“ It was necessary now that Eliza should be acquainted with the letter and its answer, the explanation of which overwhelmed her, as well as her father, with the most unspeakable grief. She entertained, however, such an honourable opinion of her lover, that she could not for an instant regard it in the same light as O’Carrill had done, and assured herself that Lord Morven would never break from her in so ignoble a manner.

“ In her conjectures she was perfectly right; two days afterwards came a letter directed to her, which Mrs. O’Carrill (suspecting what would happen) had made proper dispositions to secure. It was written in the most

pathetic strain, utterly disdaining to attach any credit to the reports of which he complained, and only entreating that her father would vindicate his character, and punish the author of such a slander, whom he was ready to assist in detecting and bringing to justice.

“ Having perused the writing, Mrs. O’Carrill committed it to the flames. And took the liberty of answering it for her daughter-in-law. This she did in a manner neither angry nor otherwise, neither acknowledging nor denying the report of her amours, which she treated as well as his Lordship’s passion with indifference, refusing to urge her father to any vindication of

his character, or give any account of her own, and concluding with the recapitulation of his promise and oath in the garden.

“ As the prosecution of her designs led Mrs. O’Carrill farther and farther, by gradual stages, into iniquity, the barriers of decency as well as duplicity became as gradually removed. She no longer affected to treat Eliza with any appearance even of good-nature, and presuming on the silence and reserve of her husband, behaved to him with equal intemperance and scorn. He strove as much as lay in his power to bring her back to that state of friendship and tranquillity, with which their acquaintance had commenced,

but it was impossible. The passions which a succession of incidents, without any alleviation, had so long kept alive, were never to be appeased, but with the destruction of their objects.

“ The unhappy Eliza, pining with grief and disappointment at the conduct of her lover, and at the dying appearance of her father, who was daily wasting away with sorrow and infirmity, was the primary person against whom her malevolence was directed ; not that she had an idea of failing in her revenge on O’Carrill, who had slighted her bridal bed, but her daughter-in-law she reviled and tormented, reproached with infamy and prostitution, until she could no longer endure

the same abode with her, and by her father's desire retired to the house of an old lady in Berkshire, who he said was her aunt, although she had never heard of her before.

" A few days had scarcely elapsed after her departure, when Mrs. O'Carrill having none left but her husband on whom to discharge her passion, and being wound up to the highest pitch of hatred against him, came to a determination of leaving him and his house for ever.—Had she done so peaceably and quietly, probably all might still have been well, but to sanction her separation, and prevent any renewal of Lord Morven's proposals, she first wrote a letter in her own

name to Lord Arros, inveighing against her husband, and on pretence of concern for his family, (that it might not be polluted by the admission into it of a woman of bad character, assured him, that she now was about to separate herself from Mr. O'Carrill, in consequence of having detected him in the embraces of a mistress, this very Eliza of whom Lord Morven was enamoured. She then wrote a similar account to the lady in Berkshire, with whom Eliza had taken refuge, and the next day having abused and reproached her husband with adultery, and threatened him with a prosecution, in the presence of all the servants, and in the face of almost the whole village, made her exit in a rage.

“ The forbearance of O’Carrill could not survive this last indignity ; he followed her with an intent, in spite of his moderation, to confound her with a word, but she was gone, leaving him in a state of agitation, which at length roused him to the justification of his character, and to the declaration of his wrongs.

“ On the receipt of the letter from Lord Arros which he had shewn to Lord Morven in the garden, O’Carrill immediately wrote to acquaint the former, that the young lady to whom it appeared his son was attached, was under his protection, but certainly not related to him by blood. That she was nevertheless of a good family, and

had refused the offers of some of the most considerable gentlemen in his neighbourhood. He would have said more, but his pride was a little mortified by the letter, and he imagined it would be unbecoming him, at least it might appear as if he was anxious for the match, if he related any further particulars.

" Eliza having arrived at the house of her aunt in Berkshire, by whom she was received with a stiffness and formality not very prepossessing, took the first opportunity of writing a few lines to Lord Morven. In a modest unreproaching manner she justified herself from the aspersions that had been cast on her character, which she

said, she was at the pains of doing solely on his account: not that she entertained any hope of an alliance with him, but that he might not have the mortification of believing he had been deceived by one so abandoned as she had been represented. She asserted her innocence in the most solemn manner, and in so doing betrayed a little of the feelings of her heart, when she begged he would do justice to himself, by remembering her, (if she ever interfered in his thoughts,) with respect.

“ By the return of the post, she received an answer from Lord Arros, telling her that Lord Morven was prepared against all her arts, and utterly disclaimed her for ever; that O’Carrill

had disowned her for his daughter, and that any future application would be disregarded. Her aunt was at the same time favoured with a note from his Lordship, in which he desired that she would not authorize a woman of bad character, whom she chose to harbour in her house, to trouble him or any of his family with her impertinent letters.

“ Eliza was reading, for about the fifth time, this heart-rending epistle, when the old lady breaking in on her, and heedless of the agony expressed in her once beautiful countenance, began to reproach her with great vehemence, for having caused her to become the subject of a nobleman’s animad-

version. She demanded an explanation of the epithet by which his Lordship had distinguished her, and as Eliza hesitated in her answer, or rather had none to give, her aunt sat down to examine the contents of another letter, which she held in her hand, and which was the very identical composition of Mrs. O'Carrill.

“ If she was indignant at perusing the report of Lord Arros, what must have been her feelings at the sight of this? As soon as she had read the paper, she gave it to Eliza with a trembling hand, and looking stedfastly in her face whilst she perused it, (strange to say!) convinced herself in an instant, that it was every word false. Excellent

woman! although her pride was a little humbled, and caused her to feel irritated, at the coarseness of the nobleman's reproaches, the humanity and benevolence of her heart forbid her to think that the paragon of beauty and distress before her, could be guilty of any crime, much less of a crime, in which her own honourable, generous, and virtuous brother participated. Seeing, amidst her tears and anguish, a triumphant look of conscious innocence on her countenance, and beginning herself to be affected in a somewhat similar manner, she turned round without speaking, to conceal her agitation, and quitted the apartment.

“ Eliza, in a state of misery from the

expressions contained in the letter she had received, especially from the assertion that O'Carrill had disowned her, driven to madness almost by the vile falsehoods of her step-mother, which she did not doubt, had obtained that degree of credit, which they were intended to do, and feeling, (if such was the case), that her supposed aunt must think of her even with horror, much less be able to endure the sight of her, walked almost unconsciously out of the house, and wandered about she scarce knew whither, wholly engrossed by the consideration of her melancholy situation.

“ She had walked in this manner for about an hour, uncertain what

course to pursue, or where to fly for present refuge, when recalling the accusations contained in Mrs. O'Carrill's letter, she remembered that they were urged by her, as the reason of her quitting the habitation of her husband ; she felt a little alleviation at the recollection, and confident of meeting with some portion of affection from O'Carrill, whom she could not think capable of disowning her, determined in a minute to return to him.

“ Without feeling any concern, that she had not money about her to procure a conveyance, or even to supply herself with food, she resolved to prosecute her journey on foot, rather than return to her aunt, persuading herself

that she had spirits to overcome all difficulties, and strength to carry her back to the only person on earth on whom she had any dependence.

In the mean time, Mrs. O'Carrill having abandoned her husband in the manner related, came here in her way to London, whither she was going for the purpose of instituting a process against him, and arriving late in the evening, which was cold and stormy, put up at an inn over the way, intending to continue her route on the morrow. Here, having now almost exhausted herself and her revenge, her energies began to relax, and suffered her for the first time to look back on the mischief she had been at such pains to

effect: her conscience became suddenly struck with remorse: it was besieged with the recollection of her wickedness, and with the retrospect of the destruction of Eliza, and her husband: she began to think she was deceived in her supposition of their intrigue, and at length, having actually persuaded herself that she had been induced to run into that romantic error by the violent suggestion of her own passions,— without going to bed, she awaited the morning to return to her husband, resolved to make a confession of her whole life, and prevent what mischief yet remained to be accomplished. Whether she continued in this mind or not we shall presently see.

“ O’Carrill anticipating the re-establishment of his own and Eliza’s good fame, mounted his horse an hour before sunrise, with an intention of repairing to his sister, in order that he might bring back to his cottage the joy, the comfort, the honour of his life, the dear unhappy child of his adoption.—He passed hastily through Oxford, and having travelled about a mile on the southern road, met a party of peasants carrying on a sort of litter, composed of the boughs of trees, what at a distance appeared to be a woman. On his nearer approach, his suspicions were confirmed, and as he stopped the procession to inquire the cause of their transporting her in this manner, the person they bore, as if awakened

by the sound of a voice to which she had been accustomed, and turning her dying eyes to the spot from whence it proceeded, presented the individual countenance of Eliza.

“ O’Carrill started at the sight, and rivetted his eyes on the figure in a state of mute breathless astonishment, as if the look that she had cast on him had turned him to stone.—He continued in the same attitude for above a minute, regardless of the account to which one of the peasants was endeavouring to call his attention, of the wretched situation in which they had found the young lady, prostrate by the road side, cold and senseless, as if she had lain there all night. However at

the next moment a carriage coming up, and being prevented from proceeding by the peasants, who, supporting the litter, occupied nearly all the road, a person looked from the window, and calling out to clear the way, brought him a little to his recollection.—He immediately rode up to the chaise-door, and in a voice of terror and despair begged for mercy's sake, that the stranger would have the goodness to let his carriage convey the insensible object before him to this city, as the only means of preventing her immediate dissolution.

“ The stranger complied instantly, and getting out himself, helped to place Eliza in the vehicle, and insisted

on O'Carrill's taking charge of her, whilst he followed on his horse. In a few minutes they arrived at the same inn over the way, where Mrs. O'Carrill was still suffering the pangs of remorse, and endeavouring to stimulate the people of the house to get ready a carriage, in which she might return to her husband.

“ The expiring Eliza was brought into the house and laid on a couch with scarce any signs of life, while the stranger went for assistance, and O'Carrill retired from the room, that the women of the inn might remove her wet clothes, and put her to bed.

“ In a few minutes he re-entered it,

and the first object that met his eyes, was the face of his wife, pale and ghastly with horror, who stood like a statue contemplating the scene before her, as if she had been chained to the floor. O'Carrill stepping up to her with a look still indicative of commiseration, exclaimed, "Madam, behold the daughter of Lovel!"—"Lovel!—Lovel!—Lovel!"—she repeated scarce able to draw breath—"What of him?" "He was your husband!"—"Was he? he betrayed me,—he deceived me, he brought me to shame."—"He was my friend," replied O'Carrill, "whom the threats of your family compelled to seek refuge in America; he fell in battle by the tomahawk, and I supported him in the last hour of his

existence.—He bequeathed to me his child.

“ I have cherished her, educated, loved, and would have died for her,—poor unfortunate Eliza! Why did I marry *you*, Madam, but to render *her* mother respected, and to authorize the claims of your daughter, to the rank of her family and to your affection. But I was deceived;—you denied me your confidence from an apprehension that the history of your youth might alter my sentiments, and so, in your own imagination, took an ungenerous advantage of one, who was straining every nerve in your service. Look here,” he continued, turning his eyes towards Eliza, and bursting into

tears, “ look at this dying innocent, what but your machinations can have brought her to this pass ? Ah wretched, wretched girl ! ah hapless, ill-fated Eliza !—Thou dear, last, dying memorial of my murdered friend, my child, my comfort, my pride, my love; my darling, my joy,—look on me, speak to me, hear me ! ’Tis I—O’Carrill, thy nurse, thy guardian, thy friend, thy father, whose heart is breaking that he sees thee in this extremity.”

“ Whilst he continued in this manner, weeping and venting his grief at intervals, as he knelt by the bed-side and held in his arms the insensible object over whom he lamented, whose spirit was just preparing to take its

flight,—his wife remained fixed to the spot where he had first seen her on entering the room, and muttered, in a low hollow tone of horror and distraction, “ My machinations indeed, I know the cause. I am the cause.”

Here an interval of silence, was interrupted by the appearance of Lord Morven, who had just arrived from his father's house, having detected the falsity of the reports concerning Eliza, by inquiries he had caused to be set on foot, as well as from the extravagant conduct, and comparison of all Mrs. O'Carrill's communications. He had even convinced his father who had answered the young lady's letter without his knowledge, of her inno-

cence, and her step-mother's depravity, to whose malice and ingenuity he had on a little consideration attributed the reply to that epistle, which he had addressed to her daughter.

“ Lord Arros was satisfied, and his son, unwilling to be detained an hour from gladdening the heart of Eliza, had come to Oxford with the greatest precipitation, intending to proceed immediately to her with the news. But he was delayed here by the confusion excited in the inn at her deplorable appearance, the cause and particulars of which he had partly gathered from the servants, and now rushing into the apartment, and seeing Mrs. O'Carroll standing as I represented by the

bed-side, he cried out, as he walked towards her, “ Monster of malice, devil, hypocrite, your treachery is all laid open, O wicked woman, stain to humanity ! I have found out all your arts. But Lord Arros now approves my passion, and here I come to claim my bride, the good, the virtuous Eliza, if Heaven in its mercy to me will let her live.”

“ Forbear young man, forbear,” said O’Carrill, looking round compassionately on him, “ that monument of horror is the mother of this expiring saint.”

“ The noise of Lord Morven’s interruption and his vehement address to

Mrs. O'Carrill, rekindled for a moment the last gleam of life in the bosom of Eliza;—as she raised her head on the arm that supported her, as if sensible of his expressions,—her closing eyes brightened once more with satisfaction, her pale cheek was flushed with content, she cast a glance on her lover, animated by all the wonted emanations of her beauty, and the name of Morven fluttered with her last breath upon her lips.

“ She is dead ! she is dead !” cried O'Carrill ; observing she had ceased to breathe,—“ gone ! lost for ever ”—“ Ah !—dead !” said the youth (clasping his hands and running up to the bed,) “ What ! have her sorrows bro-

ken her heart?—Awake! awake Eliza; awake, dear lady, beautiful excellence, my love, my wife, awake and bless me with your voice.—Alas! alas! she is dead indeed.” Here he fainted away in despair, and dropt senseless at the feet of Mrs. O’Carrill, who, still fixed to the same spot, uttered a shriek as he fell, and looking at him for a moment with an air of wildness and distraction, burst into tears:—in an instant they were succeeded by a convulsive laugh:—she stepped over the senseless body before her, and hurried out of the room.

“ It is needless to relate any farther the agony of O’Carrill, or the grief to which Lord Morven again became a

prey, when he recovered his sensation ; let it suffice that fourteen years have not erased from the memory of either, even the least distressing part of the impression occasioned by the melancholy death of Eliza—the first is fast hastening to his grave, venerated and beloved by all that know him, and the last has long ceased to hope for any gratification in the society of women, that can console him for the loss of her, in whose grave are buried all his affections.

“ Mrs. O’Carrill having escaped from a mad-house, in which she was confined a long time, has wandered about Great Britain for the last seven years, subsisting on accidental charity,

and has encountered disgrace of every description,—want, beggary, and wretchedness.—At this very hour, exposed on the bare earth, in a remote part of the island, she dies of cold and hunger ! !

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE DEAD.

“ COME, signor Vincentio,” said the Spirit, relaxing a little his pretty features, “ Let us investigate some of the other tombs, at least let us read what the inscriptions on them import, for I imagine you have no desire to hold a personal conference with any of their tenants, although here is one into which you might look without any inconvenience: what says the superscription ?

“ Here lie the remains of Archibald

Dunnevin, physician, who closed a life he had ever devoted to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, in the administration of charity. He died of typhus fever, communicated to him by a poor mendicant, whom he found expiring in the street, and carried to his house in the hope of giving him relief."

" Now all this is very true, except that the remains of Archibald Dunnevin, physician, are not here; no not even an ounce of them. They have twenty-five comfortable births in the anatomy-school, of which they are the delight and ornament. Let us see the next.

" Here lies the perishable part of one, whose virtues adorned the station

he held in life ; as a man, he was pious, generous, and humane, as a friend, patient and incorruptible, as a companion, temperate, witty and instructing. He has not left his equal, &c."

" Some one, however," said the Spirit, " has not been so polite as to take all this for granted : do you see here, he has scratched underneath it, ' The backward way of the broom-stick !'

" This marble slab," he continued, " covers the bones of an usurious old miser, who left his son (all that he could not take with him out of the world) a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds ; a trifle that filled the

heir with such inexpressible grief, that he has not hitherto had time to commemorate his father's virtues, or death, which arrived very unexpectedly. The office of superintending the work-house had fallen on him in rotation, from which, as it is a troublesome one, (without emolument,) he thought himself bound, in respect to his children, to try if he could not derive some advantage, and for this purpose made a daily collection of the bones, (scraps there are none,) that survive the teeth and gums of the paupers. These he was accustomed to soften by steam, until they were reduced to a jelly, with which he fed himself and his family; but neglecting one day for economical reasons, to oil the valve of his digester,

that had contracted a little rust, and prevented the steam from escaping, the machine suddenly exploded like a bomb, and drove a marrow-bone of beef into the old gentleman's brains.

“ Close by his side lies a master of arts, a tutor, censor, and something else. He was accounted during his life a rigid disciplinarian, and has been accused of setting more impositions on the undergraduates than ten of his predecessors put together.—With him originated the custom of receiving a quantity of white paper with any stuff scribbled on it (a laudable custom which still exists—nay has increased) as a compensation for any irregularities or misdemeanours in the young men,

who were as much at a loss to guess the reason of his preferring a quantity of paper to the quality it ought to contain, as the freshmen of to-day, are at the continuance of such an apparent humbug.

“ The tutor in question was a great chemist, and had discovered the art of destroying and dissipating the ink, blotted and smudged over the paper, which he could completely bleach again for sale. By this practice he earned something considerable, and hoped to improve his fortune ; but his desire of gain increasing too rapidly, he prosecuted his occupation on too great a scale, and was found one morning knee deep in paper, and stifled to death with the

fumes of vitriol, by a pupil who came to deliver him a quire of imposition.

“Here we have a fat rector,” continued Rhydisel, pointing to a bust in a full bottomed wig, “in whose honour a society of agriculturists have set up that image. During his life he gave the greatest attention to his flock, that is, of sheep, and made all sorts of animals nearly as fat as himself, in hopes of gaining the prizes at Smithfield and elsewhere. He had brought up a tame bull with this view, and felicitated himself on the certain prospect of success, while for the present he disposed of its pleasures at the enormous rate of twenty guineas, which he always received himself in

advance. One day a countryman having brought a fair cow to his reverence, which he unwittingly introduced to the bull, without having deposited the cash, the parson being apprized of the cheat by his servant, rushed out of his house, and flying to the apartment of his pet, in the hope of preventing that which, once done, is not to be undone, provoked the disappointed favourite so much by his intrusion, that it forgot all former friendship, and without ceremony ript up his belly with its horns ;—a sad fate, for a fattener of bullocks to die of a bull.

“ Next to him lies what was once an alderman of this town, a grocer ; he was choaked at the mayor’s feast by a

plum dumpling, which (being in a hurry) he attempted to swallow at one mouthful. In the same grave lies his brother, who died of his wife."—"Of his wife?" said Don Juan.—"Even so," replied the Spirit. "She was seduced from him at the age of thirty-six, by a bachelor of arts who lodged in his house. He lived very contented without her for twenty years, when being sick with the gout in his stomach, and under the hands of a physician, the lady thought she had no time to lose in obtaining her pardon, and—jointure. Without requesting permission to see him, which she was not quite sure of obtaining, she contrived to get into the house, and bolting into his room while the alderman was under a vio-

lent paroxysm of his disease, fell at his feet:—that was enough for him; his voice just sufficed to thunder out the monosyllable, ‘ B——h,’ and he died on the spot.”

“ What was she?” demanded the Spaniard turning round, “ who is supposed to lie in that magnificent tomb yonder, so beautified with urns, flames and cherubs.”—“ That mausoleum,” answered his guide, “ contains the bones of an old dowager, who died in a fit of the spleen. A lady of rank and family came and settled in her neighbourhood, with her daughters, four lovely girls, who happened to eclipse in beauty and accomplishments all the female offspring of the body

we are speaking of. The dowager was annoyed, and refused on various pretences to visit the new-comers,—however their fame being spread abroad by those who honoured them with a visit, curiosity at the end of twelve months led her to call on them,—who, no way obliged by this act of condescension, determined to take twelve more to repay the call. In the mean time, both parties happened to meet at a county ball—where the old dowager, nettled that her visit had not been returned, asked the stranger lady aloud whether she meant to call on her—‘ O yes, Madam,’ replied the other, ‘ I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to your Ladyship in about seven months.’—‘ I shall take

care not to be at home,' said the Dowager, making a formal courtesy.—

‘ Thank your Ladyship a thousand times,’ rejoined the other; ‘ I dared scarce venture to hope you would be so very kind.’—Her Ladyship’s reply was arrested in her throat by rage. She went home in hysterics, which gradually subsided into vapours and brought her here in a fortnight.

“ Ha ! ha !—is it so ? art thou here too ? ” said Rhydisel, to the astonishment of Don Juan; who could not account for the sudden transition of the Spirit from laughable to grave, while he contemplated a plain marble without any superscription.—“ Signor Vincentio—here sleeps a man of real integrity.—

His name was Aston,—a direct descendant of the famous judge. I knew him well in life, though myself a sinner: he was indeed an excellent young man! and, wonderful to relate, he died of grief.”—“How! of grief?” said Don Juan. “He pined himself to death,” answered Rhydisel, “in attempting unsuccessful efforts to relieve the poor catholics of Ireland. The fact was, that he had become enthusiastic in favour of their cause on account of his ancestor’s meritorious conduct and reward.” “What were they?” demanded the Spaniard.—“Very simple,” replied his guide.—

“In the year 63, Judge Aston was sent to Ireland by the government of

this country, to try a set of dissatisfied people, calling themselves White Boys, whose crime and misfortune were chiefly poverty.—I cannot enter into the merits of the case; let it suffice to know, that in fulfilling the purpose for which he was sent there, he acquitted himself with such wonderful humanity, as won the hearts of all ranks and degrees. Of this there is on record a singular proof. When he returned to Waterford on his way to Milford Haven,—for about ten miles on this side Clonmel, the road was lined with men, women and children, who knelt down as he came past them, and with tears in their eyes implored the blessing of Heaven upon him, as their guardian and protector!—An almost

incredible instance of real equity, and a plain though perhaps surprising vindication of the generous, grateful feelings of Ireland for—mere justice !!

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE DEAD CONTINUED.

" **H**E has not got into the best company, however," added the Spirit. " On this side of him lies a gentleman who chose to die one fine morning of a pistol,—he was a youth of loose habits and ideas, who came here to pass a couple of years, as merrily as the University will admit of, and began with horses, dogs and a *chere amie*. I mention the lady last, because she was the *wind up*, the finale. In twelve

months he was so deep in debt, that he could not raise the wind to carry on sail any longer, so took to gaming with what little he could get at in London, (*for here gaming is unknown!*) and at last effectually swamped himself. Poor as charity, he came back to his Dulcinea, whom he had made rich, as he grew poor, and begged that she would entertain him for a few months, till his fortune should take a turn.—‘ Fortune take a turn, she cried : ‘ The only turn I hope for, sir,—is, that you will turn out of my house.’—Out he really turned, took the night to work up his mind, and with the day-light blew out his brains : preferring the *compendiaria ad in-*

fernos via—The cross-country road,
the shortest cut.

“ On the other side of Mr. Aston,” continued Rhydisel, “ is buried one of the most superlative rogues that ever flourished on the earth.—At an early age in life he and his twin brother migrated to one of the West Indian Islands, literally to make a fortune, for they had not five pounds between them in the world, when they landed at their destination.—By dint of a good appearance and tolerable manners, with the help of a few letters of introduction, which they had brought with them from England, they obtained each a respectable employment, and were in as fair a way of bettering

themselves, as any other adventurers in the Island.—Death the devourer of men as well as of all other things, feeds very heartily and generally very expeditiously in that climate, but this by the bye.

“ A gentleman in whose service one of the brothers was engaged, took it into his head to marry a young lady who possessed the estate adjoining his, and happened to be in the same mind as himself. Having settled all preliminaries, the bridegroom repaired on the appointed day to the house of his intended, and was married, with transatlantic honours ; but in bringing home the lady, his carriage unaccustomed to such an addi-

tional weight broke down, and obliged them both to walk. The wife trudged like a philosopher, perfectly resigned, although it was about noon and the heat outrageous:—The husband on the contrary, mortally chagrined at the accident on her account, and ashamed that he had not provided a less sorry vehicle, fumed at the disappointment, and fretted himself into a fever, so that when he arrived at home, he felt it necessary to go quietly to bed by himself, where he died the next day, leaving his immaculate spouse as much a virgin as she was before.

“ After a few months of celibacy, the same idea that had occurred to her

and the deceased, presented itself again to her and his clerk. They were married however with better success, for the young man lived happily with his wife eight years, and left at his death a very large fortune, and three children, whom he bequeathed to the guardianship of his brother;—the widow did not long survive, and he, (the subject of our present consideration,) took possession of the fortune, and charge of the offspring, at nearly the same time.

“ He found the property so convenient, that he acquired a gradual reluctance to part with it, and lest his nephews should have wit sufficient to be of the same opinion, he thought it

adviseable not to trouble them with any education: nay not even that of reading and casting accounts; so that the poor lads as they grew up, discovering, that they were fit for nothing, actually put themselves to school to gain what little erudition was in their power. In the mean time the uncle returning to Great Britain with his stolen wealth, married a wife who brought him three or four children in as many years, on whom he designed to bestow their cousin's property.

“ He had not however quitted the West Indies many months, when the gentry in the neighbourhood of the estate he had left, being witnesses of the manifest injury that the boys had

sustained, united to do them justice, and obliged the uncle to give an account of his guardianship in the court of chancery. This rogue had the impudence to deny his brother's marriage; of which, in fact, no legal proof could then be produced, for he that had married them was dead, as well as one of the witnesses, and the only surviving one was gone to some other island. The party for the orphans however, who were now sent to England, after several years of litigation, obtained a trial, but for want of evidence, as well as cash or credit to procure it from so distant a place, and from many other obstacles arising out of their depressed situation, and the

guardian's keenness and villainy they were beaten.

" Not long after this event, the wife and children of their uncle, who lived at Lambeth, near the metropolis, were upset in the Thames, by a barge running foul of a boat, in which they were crossing the river, and every one of them perished.—One would imagine that such a visitation might have brought the survivor to a proper sense of his conduct, and induced him to acknowledge his injustice, and make all the reparation in his power, especially as his nephews were by this accident his immediate heirs.—But it had quite a contrary effect. Whether he

thought by adopting them, he should justify the suspicions of the world, or that the wrongs he had done them, (as is natural,) had made him detest them, as soon as he had paid the accustomed tribute of respect to the memory of those he had lost, he gave out that he never should marry again, but bequeath his property at his death to charitable uses.—He remained in this mind five or six years, during which he still continued deaf to the representations of the orphans, whom however he suffered to live on his estate, where they had returned and got possession; in fact, because he could not prevent them, and dared not go there himself, or presume to send an attorney. In this interval his health

declined very considerably, probably from the goadings of his conscience, and persuading himself that his life was drawing to a close, he determined, as a last resource, to try the air of Madeira, and in the mean time came here with a view to fix upon some hall or college on which he might bestow his fortune in case he should never return. This intention is the cause of his having obtained his present birth,—not that he has benefitted the university; he merely died here, and in the following manner.

“ Having nearly exhausted himself one hot day, in learning the particulars of several establishments, and gaping at all these piles of building, he

chanced to be crawling along the cloisters of one of them, when he met a mad dog; at least those pursuing it, (a pretty large multitude,) called out that it was mad, and bid him get out of its way. .. This he endeavoured to do without delay; and the poor dog attempting the same thing, (that is to get out of his,) they encountered one another with great violence, and both falling, rolled on the ground together. The dog being undermost, and sore pressed by the weight of the man; (who was too feeble and frightened to get up,) struggled to disengage itself, and squeezing its head between the other's thighs without being able to liberate the rest of its body, turned round and attacked *en derriere*,

biting the flesh, and bringing away mouthfuls of breeches, without mercy, till the mob coming up, put an end to the affair, by knocking it on the head.

“ But such a horror had this duel raised in their minds, that now when they had put one of the combatants to death, they scarce dared to assist the other, (who bled profusely in his rear,) expecting that he would directly go mad, and bite them all, so that he was obliged to lift himself up, which he did after much difficulty, and walk unsupported to his inn.

“ Here a surgeon being sent for, he underwent cutting, carving, burn-

ing, and cauterizing, till he had scarce any thing left to sit or lie on; but in spite of all this, as well as of being nigh drowned two or three days, to give him a relish rather than a disgust of water, in less than a fortnight he died. The surgeons say that he shewed evident signs of canine madness before his death, which some insist however were only visible on the remains of his rump; which they insinuate to have mortified from the anatomical performances played upon it.—Be that as it may, the world has got rid of one downright rascal, and the offspring of his brother are now enjoying what belongs to them as his heirs at law.”—“What a vagabond,” said Don Juan looking down on his grave,

“ if he had not been worried to death by a dog and a doctor, I could almost find in my heart to pull the fragments of his carcase out of the earth, and make a foot ball of what remains ; I shall always have a great respect and gratitude to that surgeon.”

“ A party of men without women, is as dull almost as a party of women without men.”

“ The sexes cannot make that complaint here,” continued the Spirit, “ for they are as prettily mixed as any one of them could wish.—Here is a grave which contains no less than nine persons, or rather what were persons, stowed away in all postures and posi-

tions. The uppermost was the fat wife of a fishmonger, who died in a fit of extacy on hearing the sermon of an itinerant methodist; underneath her lies a fine gentleman, whose coffin already cracked, will not support her weight much longer; at his right hand, with her face downwards, and her heels higher than her nose, is squeezed an old maid, and a lady of easy virtue reclines on her back at his left."

"The beau," said Don Juan, "is pretty well fortified with the fair sex. On whom does he himself rest?" "On the bones of a butcher," replied Rhydisel, "which are strangely huddled together with those of a countess, a lady

of great taste and distinction, though at present the lower extremity of her neighbour's back-bone happens to have made its way into her eye, and some of his teeth are fallen into her ladyship's mouth. Below them, cased in lead, lies a mouldering old bachelor, a poet, painter, musician, and chemist, alongside of whom is planted a virago, who outlived five husbands, and they are all supported by the stone coffin of some holy man, who has been reduced to an ounce of dust for the last three hundred years."

"Tell me," said Vincentio, "who is buried in that marble sepulchre, on the other side of the aisle? it has a neatness as well as elegance, superior

to most of the tombs here." "That sepulchre you admire," replied the Spirit, "is the invention of an artist, celebrated for excellencies, unallied to his profession. Within it are deposited the remains of a young man who died for love, his mistress being torn from him by her father, and given to an ugly rival, whom the youth vainly endeavoured to prevent from the enjoyment of his good fortune." "How could he prevent him?" said the Spaniard. "Nay," replied Rhydisel, "he only attempted it, by sending him a challenge, in hopes of cutting his throat. They met, the husband was victorious, and humanely spared the life of his adversary, who however, overcome by the feelings which such unmerited

generosity had inspired, refused to accept it, demanded his death, and at last besought him on his knees to put an end to his existence.—‘I wish to be your friend,’ replied the other, ‘I cannot consent to become your executioner. I heartily forgive all your transports, and advise you to act more like a man, and by bearing, surmount your disappointment.’ With these words they separated, the husband returned to his wife, and the lover to ruminate on his good and ill fortune: however he was no philosopher, and in about six months gave up the ghost, not without incurring strong suspicions of having hastened his exit by some foul means. Silly gentleman!! do you not think, signor Don Juan, he

might have been reconciled to life, if any one, taking the pains to weigh his mistress, had acquainted him he was dying because he could not obtain an hundred and forty pounds of raw human flesh !!!

“ Over him, an inscription commemorates the death of a fellow of a college, who died of grief, because, being superannuated by a day, when it fell vacant, he could not take a living of nine hundred pounds per annum, on which he had set his mind for twenty-five years, the last spiteful incumbent having lived to the age of ninety-six.

“ Observe those four graves, adjoin-

ing that with iron tails ;—in the first lies a D. D. who died of a cold, caught by cutting off his hair to make way for a pontifical wig. The next contains the body of a poet, who fell out of a reverie into a river, and was drowned ; the third which you may perceive is twice as large as any other in the church, is filled with a great doctor of laws who died of fat ; and in the last is buried a master of arts who died of nothing.”—“ Of nothing ?” exclaimed the Spaniard ; “ how’s that ?” “ Nay, I can give no reason,” replied the Spirit ; “ he had nothing to do, or think of, or wish for, so being quite easy and satisfied, he sat down one day in his easy chair, shut his eyes, and went out like a falling star, nobody

knew, or cared, or asked how or wherefore. A speculative surgeon opened him by stealth to discover the cause of his exit, without finding anything amiss, and sewing him up again whispered about his college that the gentleman had died of the *pip*."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE DEAD CONTINUED.

“ IT has often been a matter of serious contemplation to me, signor Rhydisel,” said the Spaniard, “ that we, the inhabitants of this microcosm, should be at so much pains and expense to bury and commemorate one another. One cannot fail, in reading over the epitaphs in any church, to find that it has received the remains of more good men than one hears of all one’s life as contemporaries;—for instance, a rich

man dies, and leaves his fortune to a needy heir, who immediately builds him up a splendid monument, and hires a poet to give him a great deal of praise in rhyme."—"In this instance," interrupted the Spirit, "the heir commemorates himself; he in a manner anticipates his own epitaph, nay often puts his name at the bottom of the verses, as if he meant to be remembered as the poet also.—Ah! if they could see beyond their graves, they would not care much what was said about them, and might, perhaps with justice, adopt a system of epitaphs in the manner of a lottery, twenty-five blanks to a prize,—such a plan could not create confusion, for either blank or prize would suit most people equally

well, and he that read them after they were fixed up, instead of lamenting untimely deaths recorded here and there, would be pleased solely with the finery of the prizes, and admiration at the winner's good luck. If the epitaphs, as they are, were distributed with justice, mankind could not alter their plan for the better. If rogues and tyrants, thieves, hypocrites and slanderers were remembered as they deserve, what stronger inducement could you and your companions feel, to avoid the reproach which would be attached to their memory ; and might not many be drawn into an emulation of virtue, like the Celtic tribes of old, by the certain assurance of being

honoured, rewarded and approved in the recollection of posterity ?

“ In the church-yard of one of the cathedrals of this island, are buried two horrible assassins,—robbers, who having lived several years by murder and rapine, were at last hung for killing a coachful of men and women. Yet they have an elegant monument, and no less elegant superscription, which runs in this way :

“ Sacred to the memory of F. Rivaldi and Sebastian Spinoza, two unfortunate youths, who died on such a day, &c. &c. and then proceeds with these memorable lines in favour of the first :—

“ Si quis piorum manibus locus, si
ut sapientibus placet, not cum corpore
extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placide
quiescas, nosque domum tuam, ab
infirmo desiderio, et muliebribus la-
mentis, ad contemplationem virtutum
tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri,
neque plangi fas est.”

“ The mistress of the other has
wound up his epitaph in a somewhat
similar manner, it's true she was doat-
ingly fond of him, and, to enrich her
alone, he plundered and assassinated
his fellow-creatures.”

“ O Spinosa ! qui saviez combien
vous m'etiez cher, combien votre per-
sonne m'etoit precieuse ; si la voix des

Vivants peut se faire entendre aux Morts, prêtez attention à une voix qui ne vous fut pas inconnue; souffrez que ce fragile monument, le seul, hélas! que je puisse ériger à votre mémoire, vous soit élevé."

Don Juan was just beginning a reply to the Spirit on the merits of these beautiful though misapplied epitaphs, when he was interrupted by the opening of the church-door, and the entrance of a woman, fantastically dressed with flowers and other homely finery, who passed close by them and walked eastward up the aisle, to a mausoleum guarded by iron rails, before which she knelt down, and continued some minutes in profound silence. While

she was thus engaged, Don Juan said in a whisper to his guide, " Is not that the crazy woman, who is constantly seen walking just beyond Magdalen ?" " The same," answered he; " be silent, and let us observe her."

They watched her for a few seconds, when raising her head, (her face having been covered with her hands,) she heaved a sigh that seemed to issue from the very bottom of her heart, and then biting her under-lip, as if to restrain some internal struggle, in a voice almost stifled with agitation, she contrived to articulate " William ! William ! sleep, sleep, my love; let not my sorrows disturb your spirit.—Sorrows !! Oh Death ! Death ! when shall I be at rest ?"

Then suddenly changing her manner, she repeated in a voice of the utmost strength and firmness, “ Death ! Horror ! murdered ! ”

She again covered her face with her hands, and after another dreadful sigh, rose up and walked towards the church door, singing as she approached it, and for some time after she had passed into the street.

“ Come to me, come, my love
And let me share thy bliss ;
Welcome my Spirit above,
And hail me with a kiss.
Ah ! pity me ! let but a smile
My grief, my fears remove ;
Forgive, intercede for me while
You come to me. Come, my love.”

The wildness and simplicity of the words, and the manner in which she sang them, being neither absolutely lively, nor plaintive, but alternately inclining to both, raised a crowd of fanciful ideas in the mind of Don Juan, who listened attentively to every note; straining forward to catch the last echo, and without altering his position for some seconds after the sound had ceased, at length demanded of his guide an explanation of what he had seen and heard.

“I presume,” replied Rhydisel, “your wish is to be made acquainted with the cause of this woman’s insanity. I shall tell it you forthwith.

" At eighteen years of age, Rosa Maria Stolantoff (whose family, of Hanoverian origin, had settled in the neighbourhood of this city), received a very signal service from a young gentleman named Levens; no less than the preservation of her person from the violation of a ruffian, who had enticed her into a wood, where in all probability he would have effected his purpose, had not her screams brought this young man to her assistance.

" At first sight of him, the ruffian released the lady from his grasp, and fled with the greatest precipitation undiscovered; nay he thinks to this hour that he is unsuspected by any mortal, and possesses a fair reputation, and rank

in his profession, which he bears with so much moderation and universal charity; that it would be wrong to reproach him now with an attempt, which, though inexcusable even on the score of youthful passions, may be suffered to sink into oblivion, with the rest of repented wickedness.

“ Mr. Levens conducted the young lady home to her mother, a widow: Rosa, and a son then abroad, being the sole survivors of a numerous family, whose ancestors had followed George the First to England.

“ The service which he had rendered to the daughter, introduced him to her acquaintance, as well as to that of her

mother, and acquired him the esteem and gratitude of both. Now gratitude, although very harmless among grand and great grandmothers to a handsome young man of a noble family, is rather a ticklish passion in a young lady of small fortune, for it generally leads to some untoward circumstances, if any degree of intimacy is kept up.

" Miss Stolantoff, although well educated, and very sensible, could not prevent her grateful feelings from running into the extreme, at the perpetual recollection of the danger from which she had been rescued, and at the subsequent visits and respectful attention of Mr. Levens; and he (perhaps from some romantic notions) felt a violent

affection for her: in short they soon experienced a mutual passion.

“ Mr. Levens possessed as proper notions of honour and virtue as any youth of his age, but not a jot more, and although he was innocent of any deliberate design on the fair Rosa, his acquaintance and conversation with her being unchecked, arrived insensibly to that pitch of confidence and freedom, which the present followers of Plato take so much pains to establish, because they have found it the readiest passport to every thing else they wish for.

“ About four months after the commencement of their passion, as they were walking together on a fine even-

ing in a little copse that surrounds the house in which Mrs. Stolantoff dwelt, Levens, who had daily become more amiable in the eyes of his mistress, upon some sudden expression of her's, made an abrupt transition from the theme of their conversation to the state of his heart, and followed it up by a declaration of his love and an offer of marriage.

“ Poor Rosa, who longed for nothing so much as this acknowledgement, wept with joy at hearing it, and prefacing her answer by an assurance of her being incapable of dissimulation, approved his passion, and convinced him, in a few words, that he was dearer to her than all the world besides.

“ This confession from a charming pretty young girl, perhaps gave Levens the greatest happiness he had ever felt in his life ; he thanked her with fervour and respect, and after continuing their walk for some time longer, they sat down on the banks of Cherwell, at the foot of an old tree, to repose themselves and settle the plan of their espousals.

“ Levens had a father to consult, though he flattered himself with the prospect of his approbation, and was resolved to marry Rosa without it, rather than be disappointed in his mistress ; while she (poor girl) confessed that her mother was her sole guardian, and would not only consent but rejoice at his alliance.

“ It is but natural to suppose, Signor di Morla,” continued the Spirit, “ that these flattering acknowledgements on the part of the lady, made a great impression on the mind of the youth ;” there are few people, even at an advanced age, who could have heard such generous expressions from the lips of a beautiful creature unmoved, and it is not to be doubted but that Mr Levens repaid them as every one at his age would have done. Why need I relate the particulars of his gratitude, or paint the passion with which he pressed her to his heart ! Why should I recapitulate the thousand fond ideas, to which he vainly endeavoured to give language, or recount the kisses he breathed upon her lips. Ah ! baleful

raptures ! fatal, fatal kisses ! with the joy and delight that each of them inspired, he infused a poison into the bosom of her, whose patient beauties had raised it in his own. But whither am I wandering ? in relating the progress of an human indiscretion, I have almost resumed my own mortality.—I shall be less diffuse.

“ The Dæmon of Desire having gradually silenced the consideration of its opposites, called in the world Virtue, Morality and Decorum, resolved to instigate the young couple to the last extremity. The youth in a whisper represented the proximity of their marriage, which he vowed to fulfil on the morrow ; and Rosa, in a voice of terror

and hesitation, conjured him not to reduce her to a situation in which she would lose all her little consequence, and think herself lessworthy of his love, —by requiring a sacrifice that religion and prudence forbid, and to extricate her from which, she must be compelled to consider his marrying her rather an obligation than choice, a circumstance that might embitter their future happiness.

“ Her arguments although excellent were ineffectual : he bore down all her reasoning with vows and protestations : silenced her terrors with the repetition of his caresses, and at last committed an act which he never expiated but with his blood.

“ The next day, instead of marrying her as he had promised, he wrote her a most affectionate letter, saying that he would not offend his father unnecessarily, by taking a wife without his knowledge, whom perhaps he would approve at once, at any rate on proper representation ; that he would go to him instantly, for the purpose of getting his consent, and return at all events in a week to execute his engagement.

“ Although the style of this letter did not indicate the least diminution of his passion, Rosa felt a mortal disquiet at the delay, which was not in the least remedied by a second epistle at the expiration of the term, when he had proposed to return, informing her

that his father held off from giving his consent on pretence of inquiring into the particulars of her family, though he believed in reality he was instigated by no other view, than that of weaning his son's affection from her, which he assured her, was more impossible than ever; however, as no objection had been offered, he felt confident that his father could not many days longer withstand his unabated solicitation, and in the mean time begged her to console herself under this little delay with confidence in his love.

“ Mr. Levens interpreted his father's views correctly, who held out longer however in his hesitation than the youth expected, so that a month had

insensibly glided away, before he was in possession of the permission he sought, and during the last fortnight, feeling a little ashamed at the repeated excuses he was obliged to make to Rosa, he deferred them altogether, expecting every day to succeed with his father, when he flattered himself with the prospect of surprising and felicitating his bride by his appearance.

" The long protracted consent was at length obtained: and Levens was desired to repair immediately to Oxford and apprise Miss Stolantoff, that his father would follow in two days to be present at the ceremony of their nuptials; but before his arrival two circumstances occurred, which he had

least expected and consequently not guarded against.

“ One was a report of his being about to be married, of which indeed he was the author, by having communicated his intentions to some of his friends, without mentioning however the name of her he was going to espouse; and as every one knows more of the affairs of every one else, than every one knows of his own, the report was contrived to point out a lady of quality, for whom he had a year before professed some boyish gallantries, as the object of his choice. This report was asserted in the newspapers, brought to the ears of Mrs. Stolantoff and her daughter, and was never con-

tradicted by Levens, who merely laughed at it when repeated to him, not dreaming of its publicity or consequence.

“ The other circumstance was the arrival of young Stolantoff, who on his return found his sister in such a melancholy and unaccountable state of despondence, that he never ceased inquiring till he had a little drawn out the secret of her passion.—As at last the letters of Levens entirely ceased, and the report of his intended marriage gained ground daily, the grief and disappointment of Rosa were succeeded by indignation and contempt; her gentle bosom, which had hitherto been the seat of mildness and huma-

nity, became now tortured with ideas of shame and revenge.—The more she reflected on the apparently base conduct of her betrayer, the more incensed and resolute she became at it, and at length hearing he was about to be married in a few days,—in a momentary fit of vengeance and despair, made her brother acquainted with the report, and the ungenerous advantage that Levens had taken of her affection.

“ This intelligence set the soul of young Stolantoff on fire: scarce speaking to his sister, after what he had heard, he repaired immediately to the apartments of Levens, where he learnt that the young gentleman was expected next morning.—On this he retired

avoided all communication with Rosa, and having armed himself with a brace of pistols, presented himself at the place and time appointed for the return of him, whom he considered as the dishonourer of his family.

“ He had not waited many minutes, when Levens appeared, and was told that a gentleman desired to speak with him on an affair that would admit of no delay. Stolantoff was instantly admitted, and without any preamble addressed him in these words: ‘ Sir, you have betrayed the honour, the character, the happiness, of Miss Stolantoff, and brought an irreparable disgrace on her family.—Infamous, despicable, villain! but I

shall waste no time in words, I have arms for us both, follow me, and let me be convinced that you have one manly feeling, by affording me instant satisfaction.'

"Levens, as much surprised at the accusation, as at the challenger, of whose identity he had not the least idea, answered him with an affected mildness, though he felt mightily indignant at his reproaches,—' That he was not aware of any right by which his accuser should call him out, and owned that he was come to make all the reparation in his power to the friends of Miss Stolantoff.'

'Reparation,' replied the other,

‘ ‘tis false, ‘tis impossible.—I find that you are a coward as well as a villain, and by your base lying, hypocritical evasions endeavour to conceal your want of courage.’

“ The forbearance of Leuens could not support this calumny ; he desired the stranger to lead the way instantly, and followed him without another word into a wood about a mile from the town, the very wood, in which he had rescued Rosa from violation, and to which they passed within sight of her mother’s house.

“ In the mean time, Rosa, to whom Levens (contrary to his original intention of reserving his communications.

till he saw her) had written in the joy of his heart, the day before, a long flattering letter of congratulation on his success, acquainting her with the plan proposed by his father,—left her mother's habitation the moment she had read the epistle, repairing thus publicly to the apartment of Levens, to prevent, by her presence, the effect she dreaded from the communication she had made to her brother, and from his subsequent absence. In her way to Oxford, she met the servant of Levens, whom she knew by sight, and who, suspecting the purpose for which his master had gone out so unexpectedly with the stranger, was watching his motions, when he was accosted by her for news of him. ‘ Yonder he

is, Madam,' replied the servant, pointing,—‘ had you been three minutes sooner you must have met him with that gentleman.’—Rosa turned her eyes to the spot he directed, and saw him with her brother just enter the corner of the wood, at the distance of two fields.

“ The conviction of their design, flashed on her in an instant, and almost stupified her with horror. All her hopes, all her wishes, her reputation, happiness, the prospect of an age of rapture in the possession and society of the man of her heart, whose behaviour by relieving her from despair had rendered him a thousand times dearer to her than ever, and all the

fears connected with these reflections depended for being realized, on her crossing these few acres in time to prevent bloodshed;—the servant almost instinctively felt the same emotions, and setting off as fast as they could run, both hurried to the fatal scene.—Just as they had crossed the first field, their ears were struck with the report of a shot.—Rosa fell flat on the earth in despair, as if the bullet had passed through her heart, whilst the servant redoubled his pace. In an instant, however, she arose again, and running like one ready to faint at every step, saw the servant enter the wood at the moment that she heard a second pistol, though nearly two minutes must have elapsed in the in-

terval.—Rendered quite desperate at this, she continued her efforts to run, and tottering, staggering into the wood, in a few seconds reached the horrid scene of death, and fell senseless on the bleeding bosom of her lover.

“ Stolantoff had fled,—after the first discharge which Levens had not returned, though wounded by it; the latter demanded to know with whom he was fighting,—and begged a parley; this the other declined, and insisted on his returning the fire, for that he was not satisfied, and should reload his pistol.—Having done so he called to Levens to take his aim, who, fainting and weak, supported himself against a tree, and at the next moment

received the ball of his antagonist in his breast.

“ When Stolantoff saw him fall, being aware that his desire of revenge, had carried him beyond what is commonly called fair in duelling, he thought it necessary to make his escape from justice, as in all probability, if taken, he would have paid the forfeit of murder: he left the kingdom, feeling some little concern for his aged mother, but detestation only for his sister.

“ Time, however, has raised up other ideas, and he now feels the regret of a miserable exile, and all the pity and remorse that the fate of the unfortunate Rosa deserves.

“ She, as well as Levens, scarce shewed any signs of life for a long time, so that the servant and two or three countrymen who had been at work in an adjoining field, and had collected round them at the noise of the firing, concluded they were both dead.

“ But, however, before any surgical assistance was procured, (the servant having dispatched one of the peasants to this city,) Rosa was a little recovered from her swoon, and the expiring Levens opened his eyes on her as she was supported by his side. After some unsuccessful attempts, he said in a feeble voice—‘ Rosa, who is your champion? he has not dealt fairly

with me.'—‘ My brother.’—‘ Ha ! I forgive him, and rejoice I did not attempt his life,—but who hath set him on?’ Rosa, who could’ scarce be kept alive, so rapid and violent were her fits, replied at intervals,—‘ My—fatal—jealousy—forgive me, dear Levens—William ! William ! I was deceived, but have been satisfied of your constancy, and since I am deprived of the joy and honour of living with you, I shall at least have the glory of dying with you, and our spirits shall not be separated though in death ; and let me,’ she continued, addressing herself to those that supported her, ‘ be laid close by him, that I may catch his parting breath, and mingle my last sigh with his !’

“ Those to whom she spoke, thinking her really dying, moved her to the place she requested, where, leaning her face on the bosom of her lover, and pressing his hand to her heart, she gave way to exclamations of the most piercing grief, and never ceased weeping and lamenting over his body, until long after the spirit, that had been accustomed to animate it, had flown from its embrace, and* penetrated to other, brighter, fairer, happier regions.

“ She was at length taken almost forcibly away, for, contrary to her wish and expectation, she gradually recovered her strength, though at the same time her intellects became weak-

er, and from the hour in which she was torn from the body of Levens, she has not had one serious interval of reason, beyond the little shade of recollection, which is called up by her nightly visit at the tomb of her lover.—Her brother being an outlaw, and under the imputation of murder, has forfeited what little property he possessed;—her mother is long since dead, and *she* has just revenue to keep her above want, and being perfectly childish, harmless and quiet, walks abroad as she likes. With the connivance of the sexton, she has a key that opens the door where you saw her enter, though he threatens to deprive her of this gratification, (if I

may so call it, which is the only one she feels on earth,) because she constantly forgets to shut it when she quits the church.

CHAP. IX.

OF THOSE WHO ARE GETTING UP.

“ I am afraid,” said Rhydisel to his companion, “ you are not much entertained with the sad story of the unhappy Rosa, though it may afford you some service in life notwithstanding:— like the toad, ugly and venomous, it wears a precious jewel in its head.— But it is time we should quit this cemetery, the twilight already begins to glimmer in the east, and Morpheus to release from his subjugation those

honest, modest, thrifty gentlemen, whose avocations and family cares encourage them to rise with the lark.— Now if you were a poet, Don Juan, or a painter, I would give you a fine description of this twilight and of the approaching sun, I mean a new one, there are plenty in existence, but I have more useful descriptions and pictures for you, which it would be trifling with you to delay, as my own occupations will soon call me from you, perhaps for many years."

"What are they?" said Vincen-
tio: "I would give the world almost to be acquainted with the employments of spirits!" "So would I have done, perhaps," answered the other, "when

I was a man, but I have already checked your curiosity once, and now tell you a second time, that you never can comprehend in a mortal state, those things, of which the knowledge alone is the privilege of immortals ;—besides it's womanish to be inquisitive, (he continued, laughing,) and what good could you derive from any communication of the sort ?—Come, come,— (shaking the scales) justice on earth ! let me transport you to that pretty piece of Grecian architecture a little higher up the street, we shall see something or other thereabouts, that may not be destitute of entertainment ; come, be seated, signor, we have no time to lose."

Don Juan immediately mounted his Pegasus, of whose expedition he had already so often experienced the advantage, and in the twinkling of an eye found himself at the top of All Saints, where, before he had time to seat himself, or ask a question, he beheld a fracas which almost convulsed him with laughter.—“ Ah, ha !” said the Devil, joining in his mirth, “ those combatants are a bookseller and his wife, who have quarrelled all night, and are now settling their differences.”

“ They quarrelled,” he continued, “ in dividing the bed ; Mr. Cadwallader went up stairs first, and before the arrival of his wife, was fast asleep in the middle of it ; so that his dear Mrs.

Cadwallader was obliged to squeeze in, and tuck the counterpane round her body, to prevent her falling out again. In the mean while Mr. C. slept sound and snored loud ; and, as Mrs. C. had no chance of doing either, until she had got a little more room, she nudged her husband, stuck her elbow into his ribs, pinched him, pulled his hair, and at last tweaked his nose. Mr. Cadwallader, waking at this last application, opened his eyes without moving, and in a snuffling tone, begged to know what his dear desired.—‘A little more room, Mr. C. if you please.’—‘Take it, my love,’ said the other, without moving, or remaining any longer awake,—he snored more violently than before.

“Mrs. Cadwallader, finding her attempt ineffectual, and determining to try him on t’other tack, relinquished that side of the bed, and getting in at the opposite one, began a second edition of her manœuvres, in hopes of improving her present condition.—The husband, waking as before, and receiving the same answer to his question, repeated his consent,—‘Take it, my dear.’—‘Mr. Cadwallader,’ cried the angry spouse, ‘you use me like a bear. Death and marriage ! have not I a right to half the bed?’ ‘Certainly my love, take it.’—‘How can I take it, you fat chuff unless you will move your overgrown body?’—‘Very true,’ he replied, still maintaining his position and indifference; which so

provoked his rib, that at length she caught hold of his nose with both hands, and lifting up his head by this handle, shook it about, as a man shakes a decanter in washing it, to the utter annihilation of Mr. Cadwallader's ideas of patience.

‘ D—n you—Devil take you, Mrs. Cadwallader,’ cried the enraged husband.—‘ Say that again, if you dare, sir,’ cried the wife. ‘ I will say, d—n you, Devil take you, Mrs. Cadwallader, I will, I will.’ ‘ Nay, nay,’ replied the female, relaxing a little, ‘ my dear, do not abuse your partner,—(who still held him by the nose,)—‘ I will say d—n.’—‘ Will you? take that, and that, and that, and that’ (pulling him out of

bed, and trampling on his belly, ' that, and that.'

" Having a little revenged herself in this manner, she took possession of the bed, which she had compelled her lord and master to evacuate, and forbid him to enter it again on any pretence, which he promised, and they both resigned themselves to sleep, the bookseller's lady in her acquired territory, and the bookseller on the floor.

" But the bookseller, though vanquished, being the most sleepy of the two, and having prevailed on the lady to give him a blanket, forgot all his cares again in five minutes, and snored so much worse than before, that his

wife could not close an eye. In this manner they have passed the last four or five hours ; and the lady, at last in a fury at his provoking noise, has quitted her bed to beat him into silence. See how she strides across him, and pummels his ribs. He has no chance with her, and had better endeavour to become a little more accommodating in future, that they may start together to catch their slumbers.

“ In the opposite house lodges a young man literally mad. When his disease was in its infancy, he read every book that treated of it, and found somewhere or other a quotation from Theophrastus, relating the curious insanity of one Laertius, which he has

just chosen to consider as his own parallel, so that he is now getting up to inform his landlady, that he is come from hell as a spy, to tell the devils what mankind are about.

“ Notwithstanding this strange fancy, he sometimes passes for a clever fellow, and many are puzzled to determine in which class he is to be placed of that celebrated philosopher, who arranges mankind in three divisions, the first of which are the insane, the last the delirious, and the middle one the *simply deranged*.

“ Yonder are two gentlemen who have not yet been to bed ; they have just obtained admittance into their

lodgings, after waiting at the door for three quarters of an hour, and are talking over the affair which has kept them so late from home, and which I am going to tell you.

“ They went yesterday to see some fine statues and pictures, at a nobleman’s house not far from hence, and having satisfied their curiosity, adjourned to a little inn, where they ordered a comfortable dinner to be provided. In the middle of their meal, (there being but one parlour in the house,) a young man entered, who appeared fatigued with riding, and having saluted them with an air of great politeness and urbanity, sat down at the other end of the room.

“ Our sparks, far from inviting the stranger to partake of their entertainment, *à la vraie mode de l'Angleterre*, signified, by winks and nods to each other, the inferiority which they perceived in him, and even were childish enough to begin a conversation about him in Latin.

“ The stranger having borne this for some time, without pretending to take notice of it, was nevertheless roused into action at last by an infamous allusion, and falling on them with a stick he held in his hand, beat them both most handsomely, and then kicked them out of the room.

“ The vanquished gentlemen, after

much noise and thrashing, being turned into the kitchen, where they fancied themselves laughed at by the swains who sat round the fire, migrated into an adjoining field, where they walked up and down for three hours, meditating what sort of revenge they should take, and waiting till their adversary was gone to bed, to fetch their great coats, &c.

“ He, out of complaisance, waited for them till three o’clock, imagining they would demand satisfaction ; but they were content, and as they returned here, ‘ I would have called him out,’ said one, ‘ but I should have implicated you, who are designed for the church.’ ‘ And so would I,’ rejoined

the other, ‘ but I thought my rashness might bring you into a scrape, and your life is valuable to your family.’ Do you remember, Don Juan, what Monsieur Voltaire says of one of the French kings and his son, on the occasion of their retiring from the field of battle—“ *Le roi craint pour son fils, et le fils pour son père.*”

“ In the garret of that house with the bow-window, I see a master of arts just out of his bed, where he has passed a sleepless night, and is now dressing himself in a violent hurry; his reasons for which I shall explain in a minute.

“ He is one of those bright geniuses who condemn without mercy every

thing they do not understand ;—whose ideas are so warped and contracted by education, instead of being enlarged by it, that they will give no man credit for abilities, who cannot repeat Thucydides by heart, and run over Euclid and Aristotle in two or three hours. Of course they despise all accomplishments. They consider dancing as a savage exercise, riding as mean, fencing as inhuman, drawing and painting as waste of time, and music intolerable. And, after all, what figure do they themselves make in the world ! How sheepish is the air with which they bow to a pretty girl, and with what wretched awkwardness do they attempt to carve at table. I need not mention their appearance on

horseback ; a dismasted ship in a storm, a town at the foot of a burning volcano, or a city possessed with a plague, cannot present a stronger picture of woe and apprehension, than a scholar at the mercy of a steed. In short your mere scholar is a mere ass. But to the point.

“ The gentleman of whom I am speaking, met last night in a certain company a bachelor of arts, who was formerly a pupil of his, and who is really a very clever fellow. His passion is travelling: he hopes to study mankind by acquaintance with them, more than by reading their history, and passes all the fine time of the year in this amusement, to the enjoyment of which he

has found drawing an art so necessarily attached, that he has arrived at considerable perfection in it by bestowing two or three hours daily in its prosecution.

“ His *ci-devant* tutor, looking with the superlative degree of contempt on his pupil’s studies, and disdaining to cast a glance at a parcel of beautiful sketches, which he had produced at the desire of the company, asked him, with an air of malevolent gravity, what price he required for a picture. The other, with a good-natured laugh, replied, ‘ From one hundred guineas to nothing. For instance, you shall have a tolerable landscape for the hundred; and here, (taking out of his pocket

a pencil and piece of paper, and drawing, in one line almost, a ridiculous caricature of him which he handed to the company,) you are welcome to this.'

" The *magister artium* endeavoured that the laugh should be with him rather than against him, by joining in it ; but he succeeded very indifferently, for he was mortally offended, and could not conceal his chagrin. He has been meditating all night a plan of revenge, and is getting up now to put in force that which he has adopted, namely to write a severe critique on a *Tour*, which the bachelor in the warmth of his heart had shewed him, as being already in the press.

“ The tutor is concerned with a set of Reviewers, and thinks himself sure of damning the other’s book. Did you ever hear of such meanness? However, he deceives himself; for, if the book be bad, few people will read it, except his criticism brings it into notice; and, if it be good, it will not be put to death, by the wit of so shallow-brained a gentleman as he is.

“ At the next house, an economical grocer is opening his shop, though it is yet far from daylight, on pretence of being ready to serve the first customers, in reality to carry on an intrigue with his housemaid,—whom—see—he kisses behind the door; whilst his suspicious wife surveys his operations from the

foot of the stairs. There will be a fine uproar presently.

“ A little higher up the street, an apothecary and man-midwife is hurrying on his apparel, to attend the sudden accouchement of a bed-maker, at one of the halls, where she has passed for a virgin nine and forty years. She is such a beauty I cannot refrain from letting you see her. Look up to the right a good way, at that Gothic window whose arch is terminated by those hideous corbells. In the small cell to which it gives light, and on the bed of an ancient bachelor, the teeming Cybele feels a mother’s pains.”

“ As I live,” said Don Juan, “ she is

the most frightfully ugly, hideous creature my eyes ever beheld, why those very corbells look handsome by the contrast. Is it possible a gentleman can have been guilty of an intrigue with her?"—"Four or five," replied the Devil, "*quoiqu'on ne veut pas le croire.*"—"Well, well!" rejoined the Spaniard, with a sigh and a significant nod of the head, "the world must be peopled."

CHAPTER X.

OF THOSE WHO ARE GOING OUT.

“ **D**O you take notice, signor Vincentio,” said the Fiend, “ of a gentleman in that two-pair-of-stairs room adjoining the house of the man-midwife, who has got a sheet over his shoulders, in addition to his gown, which he has just put on ?”—“ I see the person you allude to,” replied Don Juan; “ he appears to be admiring his figure in a glass.” “ Yes,” rejoined the Devil, “ he is very well content with number

one, and you will be a little surprised to hear that he is at present meditating nothing less than episcopacy. He thinks it quite at his option, as being immediately in his reach, and his avarice is now only contending with his vanity, whether he shall accept it or not.

“ He would willingly enjoy the temporalities of this life, and possess rank and patronage, but a wig would spoil his appearance.—However he thinks the lawn sleeves, (for which the sheet is standing proxy,) will set off his delicate hands, and give an air of interest to his person; but wherefore? he must lay aside coquetry, gallantry and the pleasure of being admired by the fair sex, ‘ No,’ he says, ‘ Mr. Panta-

flor,' addressing himself in the glass with a profound bow, ' *Nonvis episcopari.*'—Then a sudden thought diverting his intention, he turns back to his counterpart, " *verum enim vero episcopaberis, dulcissime, Mr. Pantaflor.*' Look at his *congées nolo* with one hand, and *volo* with the other, like an ass between two bundles of hay, or an epicure between a goose and a pig. He is now descending the stairs to think over the affair, and make up his mind in Ch. Ch. meadow.

" Look at that little fellow coming out of the white door on your left. He is a physician, like Death going out on his affairs, in the arrangement of which no living minister of fate is more ex-

pert, though he is not equal to the Parisian Samson, who handled the guillotine so nicely, that he used to cut off three heads in a minute, and a hundred and eighty in an hour.

“ Close behind him walks a woman servant, who is Abigail to a young lady, for whom she acts as go-between in an intrigue with a young gownsman; and so zealous is she in the cause of her mistress, that she does not hesitate to become sole proxy for every part of it.

“ Just below us, a reverend gentleman has turned out to soberize himself with a little fresh air, before he attends the levee of the superior; he rests on

the arm of his curate, whom he has brought here with him, and now called up to keep him in spirits. His poor deputy dare not refuse, for all that he possesses are hunger and fear.

“ One man is never married,—that’s his plague; another is,—that’s his Hell.’ That woman you see running without a cap, is the wife of a professor, who never was easy till he was married, and never will be easy till he is a bachelor again. He and his partner raked up the old quarrel last night, in consequence of which she refused to lie in the same bed with him, and he, taking her at her word, went there without her.

“ She is now going to her sister with

a complaint of his usage, forsooth, because he did not press her to forgive and sleep with him, and her sister, who is a spinster, is prepared with an answer.

‘ It is our duty to obey, and whatever we think, we should behave with good humour and politeness. When the Queen of France had ascended the scaffold to lose her life there, as the executioner tied her hands, she happened to tread on his toe, on which she turned round immediately, and with an expression of feeling and politeness, begged his pardon.’

“ I think,” said Don Juan, interrupting him, “ the spinster is singular in her ideas of female duty.” “ That singularity,” replied Rhydisel, “ is a fault

that will mend, she is in treaty of marriage at present with a hectoring sort of a fellow, and it will not be long before she finds an answer for herself.

“ Cast your eyes into that room yonder which has the window open ; one of the officers of the university is there putting on his regalia, preparatory to his morning walk, after which he breakfasts, and then repairs to the Bodleian library, where he spends two hours in close study. A student, who has been employed there lately in overhauling some manuscripts, having observed Mr. Drybottle very earnest and attentive to his book for five or six successive days, had the curiosity at last, when an opportunity offered, to

look at the subject of Mr. D's investigation, which (with no little surprize,) he found to be Entick's Dictionary.

“ There are two old women coming out of a shop over the way, to attend morning prayers. One, who in her youth chose the life of a vestal from pious considerations, is now going to pray, as she has done for twenty-seven years, for a cessation of celibacy, in other words for a husband.—The other who has her hair a-la-Maintenon, and is rather sluttish in her dress and appearance, only asks for a change of mate, she being of the Turkish persuasion as to the life of a female. They (the Turks) consider a woman dying unmarried, as in a state of reprobation,

and as the end of creation is to encrease and multiply, they think she is only properly employed in bringing forth children, and taking care of them.

“ The woman in question has four to take care of, but her husband is very old, and—and—”“ She wishes for a few more ?” said the Spaniard.

“ Hah !” cried the Devil, “ here we have a son of Mars, issuing from that gay warehouse,—no less than a major in the train-bands. Look at his epaulets, they are worth all the rest in the regiment, and they need be of some weight, for his head is so heavy, that without these appendages to keep his shoulders out of the way, he would eternally

knock himself down with it whenever he made a face to the right or left, although his military knowledge and *tictacs* are absent from it without leave.

“ In the lodging beyond, a novice in orders is preparing to appear before his patron, who likes him the less because he was bred to the law ; among the Mahometans, priests and lawyers are the same, and they are the most considerable people in the empire, but no two trades can differ more in the opinion of this deacon, who says, he has quitted the law for conscience.

“ With him lives a very learned lazy old gentleman, whose abilities and

education would have brought him into the first situations in point of honour and profit, if he had possessed any energy.—But he has wasted his time in foolish pursuits, and now finds that his learning may as well be laid on the shelf, for the sole use of his rhetoric is, that it serves him to curse his bad fortune.

“ I see,” continued the Devil, “ two men in graduate gowns coming out of the corner house on the right-hand side of the turning which leads into Bear-lane. They are bosom-friends, and seldom or never are seen apart. Since they obtained their degrees, they employ themselves entirely in a life of pleasure, the only study to

which they apply, being the study of wit. In this occupation they sit together daily for hours, hatching jokes, puns and bon-mots, which they deal out at every opportunity, as impromptus of Lord such-a-one, or the duchess of so-much, or the count, or Sir Felix—but they reserve the best as the effusions of each other,—and 'tis a pity they are not a little more attentive to the division of the catalogue, for they now and then relate the same witticism alternately in the same company, and last night had a long battle as to which of them some sharp saying should be adjudged, each (being at opposite sides of the table) having uttered it of his friend.

“ Perhaps the pleasure of saying a good thing is as great as that of composing it; however, a spark in the company, who had observed this metaphysical mistake, (I suppose with a view to rectify it, that is, to put the saddle on the right horse,) took notice of it, and brought on the altercation I spoke of.—‘ I declare you said it,’ cries one. ‘ I protest,’ replied the other, ‘ the merit is your own.’ ‘ I vow’—‘ I insist’—‘ I maintain’—‘ tis true,’—‘ tis impossible.’

‘ ‘Tis all nonsense, gentlemen,’ said the spark, interrupting them; ‘ what does it signify who said it?—Your controversy reminds me of a show-man, displaying his wonders to the vulgar

through the peep-hole of his box, and exclaiming, ‘Now you see King Charles, and the executioner in a mask, with the axe in his hand, going to cut off the king’s head’—‘Which is the king?’ cries one of the spectators.—‘Which you please,’ the other replies, ‘which you please, ladies and gentlemen.’

“Who is that man,” said Don Juan, “just coming out of his door, which he leaves wide open, with his gown on wrong side outwards, and his breeches unbuttoned at his knees?—I should think from his apparent negligence of dress, he was some despised lover.”—“Far from it,” replied the Daemon, “he has given up the

passion of love a twelvemonth. That negligence is all studied to acquire notice.—Some men live only in the observation of others. Witness him who burnt the temple of Ephesus, no less a fool than this Mr. Froth before you, who lays his claim to singularity on an affected absence of ideas, without possessing three grains of understanding, or one grain of wit. When any one accosts him with the salutation of the morning, he replies, 'On the left hand'—if he is requested to tell the time of day, he answers—' The angles of a triangle, are equal to three right angles, did you say? a mistake, two, sir, only two:' though, if invited to dinner he can give a straight forward consent when disen-

gaged, and yet there are many who do not see through such a lanthorn ;— fools who applaud the dregs of barrenness as *jeux d'esprit*.

“ One Thomas Aquinas supping with King Louis of France, upon a sudden struck the table with his fist, and cried out ‘ *Conclusum est contra Manichæos.*’ His majesty instead of having Thomas well flogged for his ill manners, thought him a genius, and mistook a bear for a monkey.

“ That shadow of affectation is followed by the servant of a gentleman commoner, who has just left his master’s apartment, to order a dessert of fruit and sweatmeats for a party he

has to drink wine with him this evening.—The man is going into that confectioner's shop here before us with a carte blanche.”—“ Ah!” said Don Juan, “ I warrant the cook and the valet have a good understanding between them, and the gentleman pays finely through the nose.”—“ In every other department,” replied Rhydisel, “ that is his fate, for his servant is not overburthened with conscience; but the pastry-cook, by some perversion of trade, is a pattern of honesty; nay the old mother and a train of daughters are not the less in estimation. I do not know that the tongue of slander even has ever whispered a word to their prejudice; nevertheless their integrity does not authorize a careless

young man, to send his lacquey here, there, and every where, with orders which he executes *ad libitum*.

“ There is yonder, coming out of an handsome mansion, with a pug-dog at his heels, a celebrated surgeon, who, deviating from the methods of cure prescribed by the ancients of his profession, and followed up with so much spirit by the moderns, (you are aware I mean the practice of emptying the drug-shop into the bellies of their patients for every internal and external complaint,) has performed some astonishing cures in cases of lameness and rheumatism, &c. by the simple process of rubbing the part affected ; for which purpose he retains all the

old women in the town and its vicinity, to operate on his patients.

“ The rest of his calling, especially the apothecaries, are up in arms, and he will make no proselytes, except among the rising generation, who do not think it disagreeable to endure the prescribed remedy, from the touch of a fair female hand, especially as some of them choose to appoint their own rubbers, of which number was lately a dignitary of the church, who found fault with the unsavoury person of the applicant which the surgeon had sent him, and deputed one of his maid servants to rub him,—and, whether his complaint took naturally a favourable turn, or that the exertions of

the maid, who was young and healthy, excited more animal electricity in the old gentleman, I shall not venture to say—but he recovered in about three weeks, and in gratitude has settled a pension on his doctress.

“ Just crossing Carfax,” continued the Devil, “ walks a poet, who takes the air so early, to freshen his genius, and to read his compositions to the fair daughter of a bargeman, who lodges on the bank of the canal. He is accompanied by a weather-beaten worn-out debauchee, who is going to study the character and conversation of a pretty gypsey, (whose tent at present is pitched near Port-meadow,) that he may introduce her in a novel, with

which he means to treat his countrymen,—and as it must be owned that the girl is very communicative and complying,—if he relates the whole of his correspondence with her, it cannot fail of being a treat.

“ A little behind them are two gouty masters going to the dairy-house in the northern road, to drink new milk, and flirt a little with the dairy-maids.”

“ I think Cupid must be almost ashamed to own them as his subjects or followers,” said Don Juan, “ they look so fusty and moth eaten.” “ He is,” replied the Devil, “ but they won’t believe it;—you would laugh to see

either of them occasionally attempt to recommend himself to the favour of the girls, by desiring them to accept an odd half-penny, that happens once a quarter or so, to remain due to him, out of a six-pence."

The very idea made the Spaniard laugh.

CHAPTER XI.

OF EVERY THING AND NOTHING.

“THE glorious sun,” said the Spirit looking round, “has already begun to shed his rays on this city, and warns me of the necessity of retiring from your observation. The intelligence which I have given you, Signor Don Juan, the adventures I have recounted, the arts, duplicity, hypocrisy that I have exposed, and the merit which I have recommended to your notice, should not be suffered to

lie dormant in your recollection ;—I wish before I take my leave, to form such an impression of the services which I have done you, that you may never but with life cease to profit by them.” “ I acknowledge my obligations,” replied Vincentio—“ Nay, nay,” rejoined the Spirit, interrupting him, “ I do not require thanks ; they are of no use to me,—on the earth indeed no sin is more infamous, detestable, and obnoxious than ingratitude, but it exists no where else, and I permit you to cherish the feelings of acknowledgment to me, because they will incite you to great and noble actions, and render you worthy of the care which I have bestowed on you,—but never express your gratitude, except it be

said in one word.—Let your conduct speak it; for a profusion of thanks are scarce less offensive and disgusting than a total want of them, and he that is so lavish in bestowing them, must needs have some object in view, which he endeavours to conceal from others. I do not accuse you, signor, of this crime, or any part of it, I simply advise you to abstain from any conduct, by which you may incur the suspicion of it.

“ It is my hope, that you will become the mirror of sense and refinement, and if I could hold up a pattern for your imitation, a character on which you might establish your own, it should be that of the young man

who charmed his auditors with the relation of his travels.—But a little originality is necessary to render every man diverting in company, and a little eccentricity is not amiss, provided it is unencumbered with affectation, which is only another syllable for hypocrisy, (of which I have already spoken to you,) as it is so connected with ingratitude, that he who has been guilty of the first, generally has recourse to the last to varnish it over with ;—for there scarce ever was a man who could be brought to acknowledge either, so odious are they, even in the estimation of those, who practise them all their lives.

“ Two gentlemen who boasted

themselves the best friends on earth, joined a merchant-vessel which sailed from Europe on a trading voyage down the coast of Africa.

“ They went chiefly as philosophers, to examine the various territories at which they might touch ; to cultivate the dispositions of the natives, and collect plants, flowers and minerals, for the edification and amusement of their countrymen on their return.

“ But, notwithstanding all these liberal and disinterested ideas, each thought it as well to carry out some venture, to indemnify him for the trouble and expense to which he must of course be subject in prosecuting

his researches. And this was not only excusable but highly necessary, as the traffic it promoted gave them more opportunities of studying the dispositions of the Africans, than they could otherwise have had.

“ After spending about six months in coasting it almost down to the Cape, they stretched across the ocean without accident, arrived at the other continent, and came to an anchor in Rio Janeiro.

“ Here one of the philosophers falling sick, his friend had him moved ashore for the advantage of better air and accommodation, where he lingered about a week, and finding himself

getting worse and worse every hour, thought it right to prepare for the arrival of his dissolution.

“ Having called his friend to his bedside, he presented him with all the share of curiosities which was due to him, as well as with what remained of his venture, together with the profits arising from that part of it, which had been disposed of—(a very considerable sum,) and taking a last farewell, at which the other shed abundance of tears, put a portfolio into his hands, and, closing his eyes, apparently gave up the ghost.

“ The survivor seeing his friend

dead in a foreign land, thought it needless to keep him above ground longer than while a shell was making for him, which he ordered to be prepared by the ship's carpenter immediately; and in the mean time began to examine the papers of the deceased, that he might be certified of the value of his legacy.

“The cabin in which the corpse lay was simply a hut built of bamboos, without any furniture beyond the mattress laid on the earth, where his companion had breathed his last, so that the executor and assignee, having neither chair nor stool, sat down on the edge of it, and placing the port-

folio against the body, which served as a desk, took out pen and ink, and began his calculations.

“ He had been thus engaged for four or five hours, quite absorbed in the prospect of his gains, and utterly forgetting where he was, when (having sunk into a little reverie, during which the ink was dried in his pen,) as he began to reassist his memory according to Cocker’s Arithmetic, by writing out his series in figures, the quill refused to mark, and he, afraid that his combinations would slip from his brains before he could put them down in black and white, after stabbing it ineffectually nine or ten times into his ink-horn, at last in despair and passion

jammed it, unconscious of what he was about, into the mouth of the corpse, which he had already tied up as well as he could, with a dirty pocket handkerchief.

“It happened that the supposed corpse was not quite dead, indeed he had been gradually reviving, and would have shewn symptoms of life in another hour, without this stimulus, which brought him to his recollection instantly, although he thought he had at least a locked-jaw, and had had his eyes amputated, such a pain did he feel there, without being able to move the lids. While he lay ruminating on his revival, he overheard his friend walking up and down the hut, whist-

ling one part and singing the other of that celebrated chorus—

‘ Rum-ti-u-didi row-dow-dow ;
If she had a good bowl she could sip it now.’

“ Confused beyond measure at this unaccountable merriment, he made an effort to rise, and bolting up on his mattress, opened his eyes, from which fell two dollars that had been placed there by his friend, to keep them closed, whom he beheld reading his memorandums with indescribable sang froid.

“ The noise of the dollars falling, startled the arithmetician, who turning round, saw the ghastly countenance of his companion glaring at him with

horror and contempt. What was he to do in this case? His want of feeling, his avarice and ingratitude attacked him on all sides at the same instant, and he could discover no chink in which it was possible for him to hide them. What no resource? no loophole?

“ Ah the cunning creature! the excellent accomplished hypocrite! who would have expected such a transition? He feigned madness instantly, as if at the supposed death of his friend, and carried it off so well, that he deceived him, and every one else, and did not pretend to have recovered his intellects till long after his return to Britain.”

While the Devil was thus relating to Don Juan this instance of hypocrisy, he observed that gentleman's attention was distracted to other objects. He was contemplating a man still asleep in a crib almost in the top of a house; in a little hole illuminated by the rays of the sun, which shone into it, through a pane of glass, scarce four inches square. The sleeper seemed to be under some violent agitation, big drops of sweat covered his forehead, his features expressed distraction; and he looked, in short, as if under the dominion of nine or ten night-mares.

“ What in the world,” said Don Juan, “ is that genius dreaming of?”
“ He is an artist,” answered the Dæ-

mon, "who regrets daily that his existence was not postponed two or three hundred years, that he might have lived in those days, when the ruins of this city will afford subjects for the pencil of the painter, as well as for the pen of the historian, scarce inferior to those of ancient Athens." He dreams now that he has been beseeching the Spirit of Chāos, whom his imagination has represented to him in some shape that would do credit to the abilities only of a certain Swiss, (who has been accused of supping on raw pork, that the fumes of indigestion might stimulate his brains to engender chimæras,) to let him look into futurity, that he may paint in advance, these dilapidated pinnacles and turrets, covered with ivy,

and rising like the monuments of Iona, to tell where wisdom and learning once flourished.

“ The Spirit having recommended him in vain to restrain his curiosity, has at length complied with his request, and is now dismantling to his imagination, these palaces of sacerdotal grandeur, preparatory to the state in which he wishes to paint them. This is the cause of his agitation.—But it is now time that I should communicate, as I promised, the reasons that compelled me to explain, as I have done to you, the histories and mysteries of Rhydicina.”

“ Signor Dæmon,” said Don Juan,

with a look of supplication, “postpone that information for a minute, and gratify my curiosity only for once, by a peep into futurity, and let me be a witness to those scenes, which the imagination of the painter now contemplates.” “What!” exclaimed the Devil, casting a glance from his eye at him, that made him tremble; “is it possible that you are still so inquisitive, and hold so light my admonitions. I find the only way to rid you of that foolish curiosity is to satisfy your demand. Look around.”

In an instant the azure vault of heaven was blackened with clouds, that seemed to thicken and conglomerate till nothing but the devoted city was

visible. A solemn stillness pervaded all things for a few minutes, interrupted only by the shout of the spirits of destruction, who were hurrying to the scene, whilst their mingling and discordant voices produced such sounds of wailing and horror, that the heart of Don Juan was appalled.

He cast his eyes below, and saw the terrified inhabitants running in every direction, some naked, others half-dressed ; some old gentlemen, letting themselves down from the balconies of the ladies, without staying to put on any thing but their drawers ; young and old women in vain beseeching young men to help them to a place of safety. Here a nobleman just going to mount

his hunter at the college gate, asked the advice and assistance of his scout ; and there a reverend tutor flew for succour to his cook. A girl was seen in a full-bottomed cauliflower-wig, and a woman, who had passed for twenty-six the last thirty years of her life, without any hair at all ; whilst a grave doctor was shrouded in a pink petticoat, and a master of arts in his hurry had taken a female *peruque a-la Brutus*. Horses and dogs, men, women and pigs, monkeys, children, and gentlemen-commoners, were all huddled together in one strange scene of confusion. The spirits of the elements approached—and such a tempest of fire and thunder, hail, rain, and wind was poured down upon the

city, that all went to wreck in a moment.

Don Juan looked round for assistance in this hour of peril to his dear Rhydisel, but he was no longer visible ; the spire of the church where he stood rocked from its foundation, and as he came headlong with it to the ground, he heard a voice exclaim, " Ha ! ha ! ha ! Mr. Paragon of Animals. Ha ! ha ! ha ! my Lord of the Creation."

Here he lay in a state next to annihilation for several minutes, when the storm began to abate. The crash of the falling ruins ceased to vibrate on his heart, the cries of the multitude were hushed, and the thunder no longer

bellowed through the atmosphere. The sun re-appeared, and as his beams recalled Don Juan to recollection, his ears were again saluted with a strain of that immortal harmony, which had once before almost ravished his soul from him. It seemed to be the united voices of myriads of spirits, who sang as if with one. "Awake! Arise! Appear." The glorious concord raised his ideas above mortality, he rushed from the earth, with the velocity of an arrow from a bow, and in an instant found himself——!! ! in the court-yard of the Anatomy School!

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

“ DEATH, and eternal tortures !” cried the disappointed Spaniard, staring about; “ Where am I ? Spirits of peace, whither are ye fled !—Rhydisel ! Rhydisel ! Dæmon !” (raising his voice) “ Rhyd—i—sel !—melancholy wretch that I am !—Why, here I am again in this curst court-yard.—How in the name of all the fiends in the universe have I got here ? Am I Don Juan Vincentio di Morla, or am I not ? and have

I seen only a vision?" Then, catching hold of his arms alternately, and pinching them, "Are you a piece of Don Juan; speak, villain, tell me whether I have only been dreaming in this vile stew, or whether the Devil has tossed me over the wall, to serve as a subject for anatomy, and then to be hurled into that gulph?—Perhaps I am already dead!!—If I have been, here all night, I can say, I never slept in such a lodg-ing, though I have had the pleasant-est dream.—Dream—dream—'tis day-light too—It cannot—yes—it must.—'Twas not,—'twas,—a dream,—and Rhydisel has only been laughing at me. And yet, who is this Rhydisel?—If he did not march me out of this very place, through that wall, I am not—

yes I am here now.—Rhydisel—Rhyd—i—sel.”

“ What the devil do you want ?” said a man looking from one of the windows of the Anatomy-school, “ How the deuce did you get there ?” “ Ah, Rhydisel ! my dear Spirit !” cried Don Juan (mistaking this ugly carver, who was some seventh deputy in the place, for the Devil) “ return to me—Take me out of this horrid hole.”—“ What ?” exclaimed the other.—“ Rhydisel !—What ridiculous nonsense ! Why, you are mad.—I’ll call the head surgeon.”—“ O the Devil ! the Devil !” continued Morla, “ I shall be cut up alive.”—So much was his mind dis-

turbed, that he really began to be afraid of being sacrificed.

In a few minutes the head surgeon arrived, who being a man of the mildest manners and good humour, entered the court, and going up to him, quieted his apprehensions, and brought him peaceably out of the yard, persuading him that he had been dreaming.—

“ How did you get in ? ” he continued.

“ Why ”—replied the Spaniard, “ I got over the wall last night, hearing a strange noise, as I passed by, and saw a man trundling dead bodies into a well, out of which rose ”—he looked suspiciously at the Surgeon.—“ No ; I suppose, I was shocked at the sight, and

so fell into a fit, and went to sleep."—

" Nay," said the surgeon, " people do not usually go to sleep in fits."—

" Be so good, Sir," said Don Juan, interrupting him, without attending to his remark, " as to guide me to my apartments at —— Hall; I have received such a shock by that fall from All Saints.—I mean—I suppose, I fell from the top of the wall here, of all sinners rather, and gave my nerves such a concussion that—Will you take me home, Sir ? "

The surgeon stared mightily at his wild conversation, thinking him nothing less than stark-staring mad ;—however, he carried him home, where the people imagining he had been

drinking all night, and wanted soberizing, undressed and put him forcibly to bed, where they kept him *nolentem* *volentem*, until sleep gradually overtook him.

After enjoying a quiet nap for several hours, he awoke about four o'clock in the afternoon quite refreshed; and began to reconsider the adventure of the preceding night,—which he could call up to his memory with so much accuracy and precision, that he began to be convinced, he had not dreamt them. The circumstances were so regular too, the stories he had heard so probable, some so pathetic, that he had even shed tears while the Dæmon related them; and others so ludicrous,

that he had several times nigh burst his sides with laughter,—that he no longer hesitated in his belief.—“Ah!” cried he, “wherefore did my confounded curiosity prevent my listening to the reasons for which Rhydisel told me so much?—Why was I bewitched by that painter who eats raw pork, or at least by his counterpart that wanted to paint pinnacles and turrets in ruins? I remember Rhydisel talked to me a great deal of gratitude, and bid me prove it by my actions, when, the first thing I did, was to run against the current of his advice, and insist on looking into futurity.—This ingratitude no doubt incensed him to put me again in that dank yard, and I only rejoice he did not put me in the

well. What!" he continued, musing, "could his reasons be. I'll take a walk and ruminate."

In saying these words, he got out of bed, dressed himself, and issuing into the street, met immediately the gentleman at whose rooms he had been drinking over night, who came up to him—"Oh Morla, I beg a thousand pardons for leaving you last night so abruptly. Why did not you wait for our return? We were back in ten minutes."—"I had an engagement."—"Where? with whom?"—"With the Devil—no I went home I mean, on business."—"Ah, ha! some intrigue, I warrant—farewell."

He was next accosted by another of his acquaintance, to whom he also nearly betrayed his affair with the Devil;—to prevent his doing which to every one with whom he conversed, he found it so necessary to be on his guard, that he dared scarce open his mouth. The instant he was betrayed into any talk, he began quoting his ally, especially in proving his faith to any thing strange, that was related to him, when he instantly commenced with—“ Ah—as the Devil said, when —then checking himself, “ What do I talk of?—I am bewitched.”

In this uncomfortable manner he passed three or four days, and feeling that the memory of his adventure

preyed terribly on his spirits, he was fain to get rid of his secret at once, by committing it to paper, and then leaving it in a place where he thought it sure of falling into the hands of — who would not hash it in giving it to the University, he retired from Oxford to his habitation in Seville, with a better knowledge of Rhydicina, than any other Spaniard ever possessed.

This authentic story fell into the hands of him for whom it was designed, and as it contains nothing but what may help the cause of morality, he has published it without any comments, for he thinks it requires none. He has learnt that Don Juan lived very happily in his native place, quite con-

tented with an amiable wife, and several children, whom he means, when of a proper age, to send for their education to the same University, where he acquired so much learning, and so many friends.

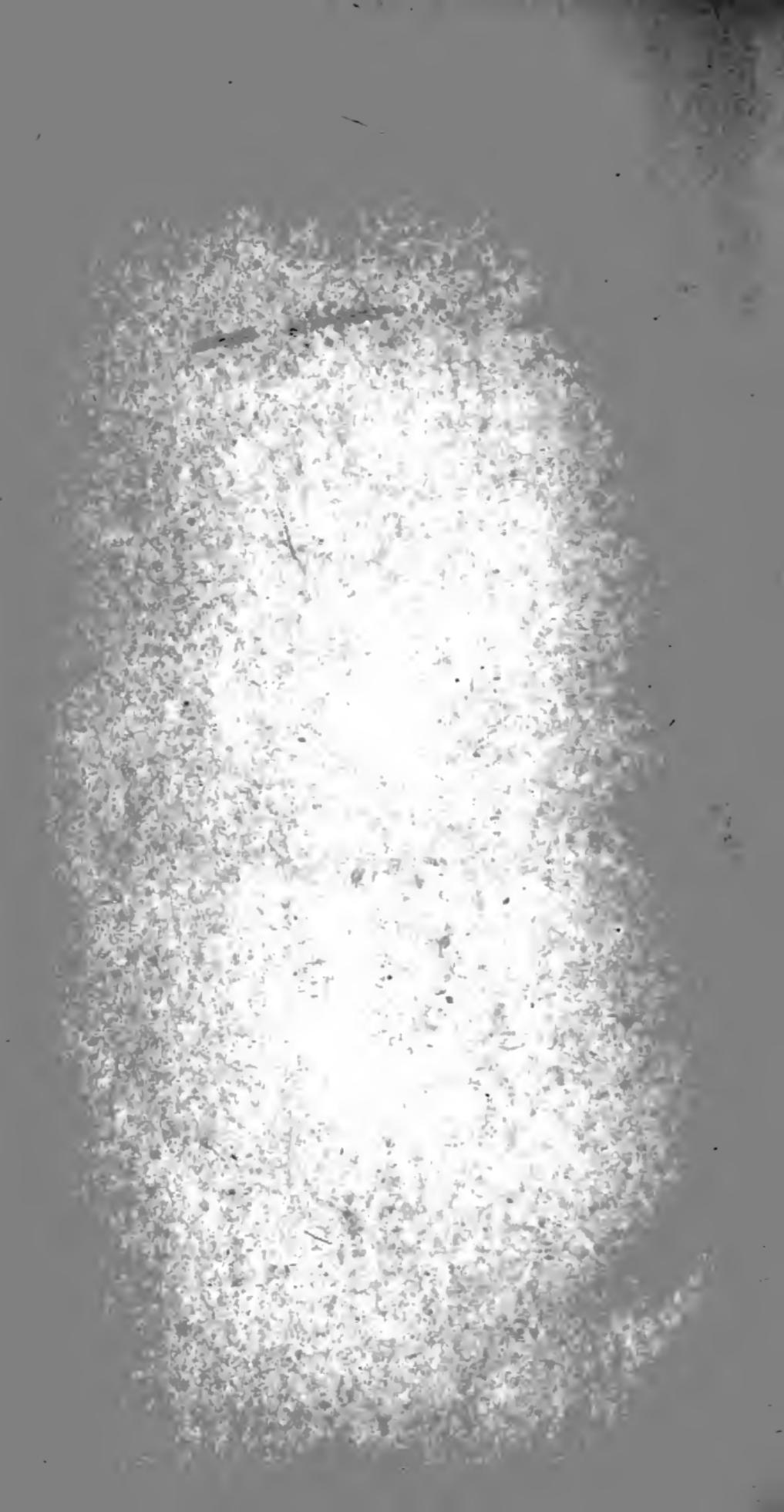
Since the above was written, the minions of the great Emperor of France, have taken possession of Seville, and obliged Don Juan to move his quarters. He is strenuous in the cause of his country, and determined to remain in it while there is another man who will stand by him on the Peninsula; and whenever he finds that he is the last patriot, which is not

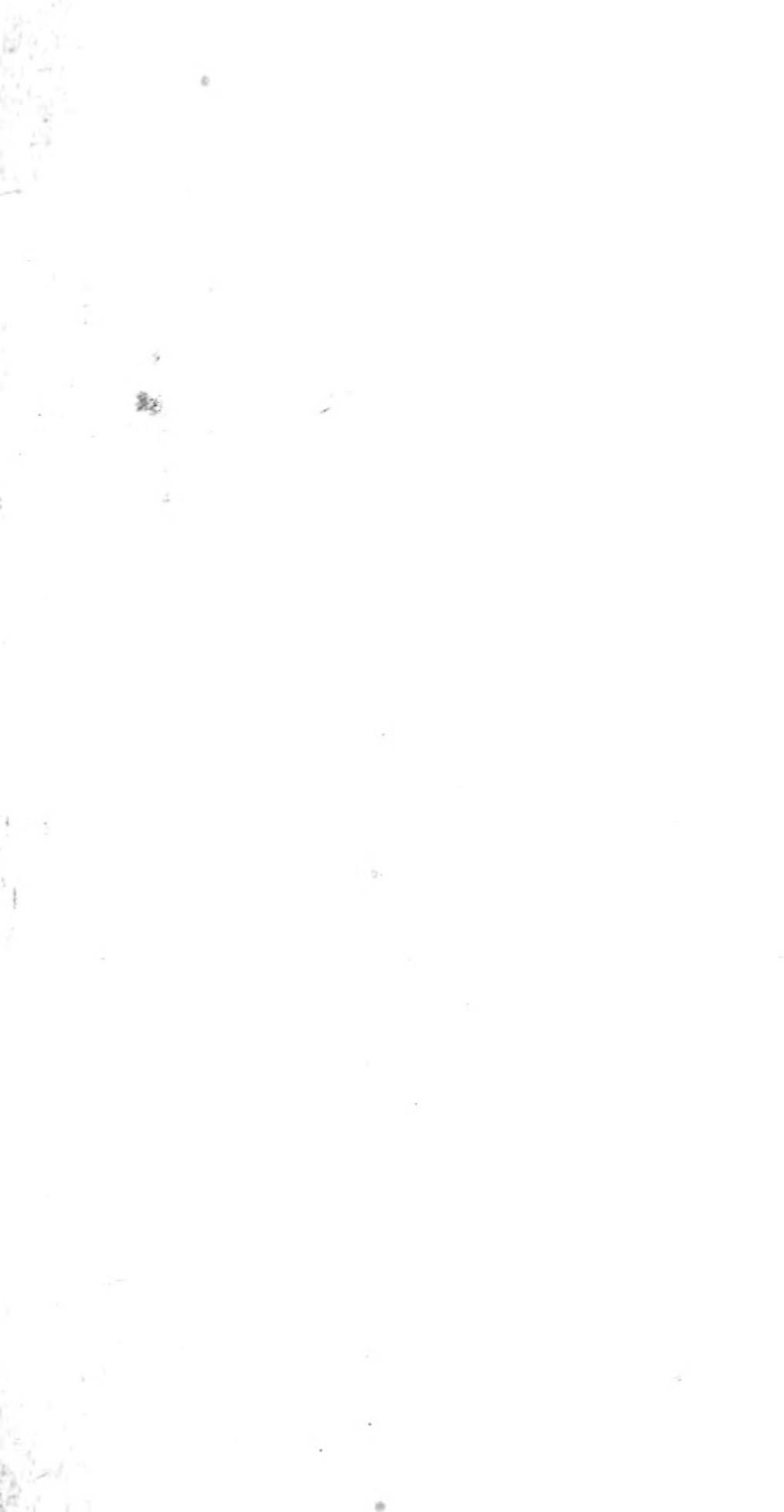
likely ever to happen, he designs to remove to Paraguay, where he has an immense territory, and where the knowledge he possesses cannot but be useful and diverting to the South Americans.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Farewell!

FINIS.

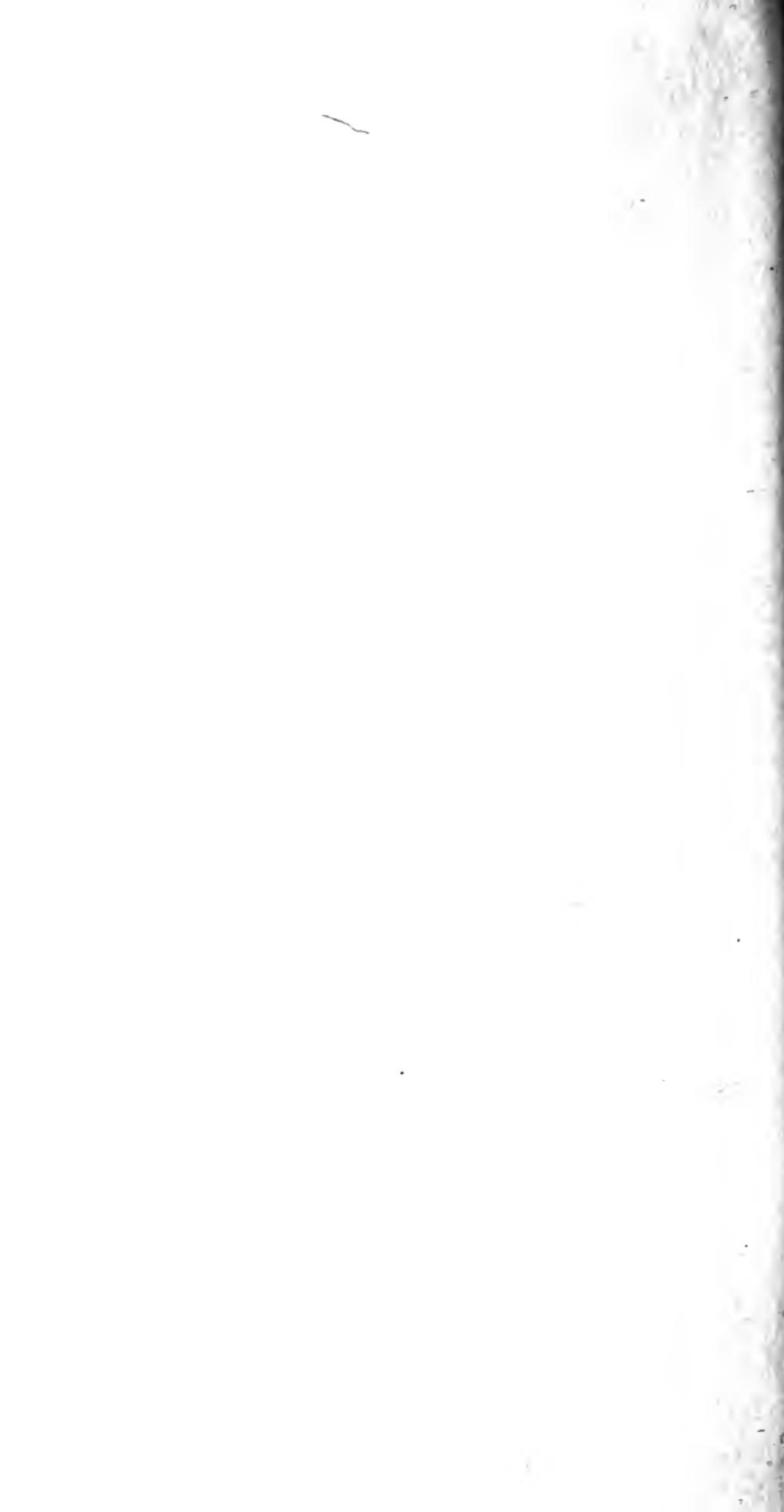












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